

THE NINE DEMONIC GATEKEEPERS SAGA

# BELIAL

WITHOUT A MASTER, 1



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★ BECOME A LIVING GOD

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**Prologue**  
**Diabolism • Liberation • Godhood**  
*Timothy the Editor*



*“It is with regret that I pronounce the fatal truth:  
King Louis must die, so that the country may live.”  
—Maximilien Robespierre, French Revolutionary*

**T**HE ultimate conspiracy is afoot.

The most sinister demons in world history have united. They currently possess and animate black magickians to perform sorcery as their weapons in a cosmic revolutionary war on earth.

This sounds like a phantasy plot out of a supernatural fiction novel—but it in fact transpires at this very moment.

Nine prehistoric devils have forged diplomatic relations with a burgeoning intergenerational class of human sorcerers as part of an interdimensional antiauthoritarian insurrection.

As a street corner anarchist, the political intrigue behind a diabolical cosmic rebellion exhilarates me. As a coffee shop nihilist, the fatalism behind an insuppressible liberation force validates me.

## **Nietzschean Diabolism**

A biblical-literalist Christian church in Texas in the United States has stalked E.A. Koetting for years and presumably other satanic authors too. These sheep believe faithfully in the Second Coming of Jesus Christ, the Antichrist, and that the Book of Revelation prophesies an imminent End Times when the Devil and his demonic militia will revolt one last time. As such, when the church minister discovered the sincere aspiration of E.A. to usher in the Nine Demonic Gatekeepers, he became horrified that it would

open a seal of the apocalypse. He convened his favorite male and female devotees and urged them to evangelize anyone related to E.A. intellectually. A month ago, a young blonde woman sent me a bellicose religious solicitation; I shared it on social media to air my grievance, at which point a score of other magickians sympathized that they too had received the exact same boilerplate solicitation from other young men and women. It entreated:

Hey, so I got a proposition for you my friend. I want to know what God is stronger. I heard there is power in Satan and I want to see just how much power these people speak of. I invite you to a video chat and give you the opportunity to throw curses at me and conjure up as many demons as you want. Once you're done I want to call on Jesus and let the spirits do battle from there. I hear you guys are very prideful of the power that you carry and I want to see put to the test! Show me that your god is stronger? What do you say?

It appears that this extremist Christian congregation has identified numerous Satanists by name, searched for them on social media, and tries to evangelize them albeit rudely. In full fairness though, the rise of the Nine Demonic Gatekeepers does undeniably resemble a spooky biblical Apocalypse from their mythical perspective.

To surmise: these Nine Demonic Gatekeepers live as existential cosmic forces. Ancient humans illustrated them with human and animal anatomies to recognize them; named them with epithets to record their qualities; and ranked them in a medieval aristocratic hierarchy to politicize them.

The multiversal force or cosmic entity that ancient Jews designated as Bel'yya'al—then Latinized into Belial—did not truly originate out of the abyss as a demon king seated on a skull throne with half-naked incubi at his feet in a gothic castle—although a magickian can certainly view him in that aesthetic in his astral kingdom through scrying and soul travel—but primitive religious humans decorated the prehuman entity like a mannequin in the regal pomp and circumstance of their time period.

Ancient tribes formulated entire religions to deify these prehuman forces of nature, then to further confuse this anthropomorphism, belligerent nearby civilizations would malign these same deities as devils, and thus added layers of masks upon the same faceless entity. To this point, certain prominent spirits have been adorned in tens of masks that range from celestial to infernal and back again even across continents. This circular logic regresses back into prehistory to the point where no one can authenticate the first

contact of these beings with Homo sapiens.

German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche lays this fact bare in his *The Antichrist*:

No hint will be necessary to understand at what moment in history the dualistic fiction of a good and an evil God first became possible. With the same instinct by which the subjugated reduce their God to Goodness, they also cancel the good qualities from their conqueror's God; they avenge themselves on their masters by diabolizing the latter's God. The good God and the Devil...

Ontologically, these spirits would need to exist as timeless, amorphous, anonymous, autonomous forces across the cosmic multiverse. In his posthumously-released classic *Will to Power*, Nietzsche furnishes his grand *theory of everything* in aphorism 1067:

And do you know what *the world* is to me? Shall I show it to you in my mirror? This world: a monster of energy, without beginning, without end ... that does not expend itself but only transforms itself ... enclosed by *nothingness* as by a boundary ... as a play of forces and waves of forces, at the same time one and many, increasing here and at the same time decreasing there; a sea of forces flowing and rushing together, eternally changing, eternally flooding back ... out of the simplest forms striving toward the most complex ... and then again returning home to the simple out of this abundance, out of the play of contradictions ... blessing itself as that which must return eternally, as a becoming that knows no satiety ... my Dionysian world of the eternally self-creating, the eternally self-destroying, this mystery world of the twofold voluptuous delight, my *beyond good and evil* ... This world is the *will to power* ... And you yourselves are also this will to power!

Dear reader: these spirits, these caricatured devils, these existential forces are fractals of the cosmic will to power; fractal in the sense that their magnitude can scale in size as necessary to foster evolution in an eternal recurrence. To reiterate, the Nine Demonic Gatekeepers are humanized individuations of a will to power innate to the multiverse, i.e., perpetual natural forces that foment the endless emergence of change.

## **Leftward Liberation**

The epithet Belial summarily means *without a master*. He is the patron demon of the anarchist, apostate, unrepentant criminal, rebellious slave, and

baneful magickian. As the lawless one, he personifies the spirit of antiauthoritarianism. His categorical imperative underlies every political revolution, every act of civil disobedience, every premeditated crime, every civilian protest, every slave rebellion, every pirate mutiny, and every ritual of baneful magick.

As an individuated will to power, he possesses no traditional moral to justify his primordial hatred of authority because he does not need one; his force just indiscriminately aspires to abolish social hierarchy like a heat-seeking missile.

Historically, slave traders pegged the value of human chattel to two main qualities: labor capacity and obedience. Healthy, able-bodied, law-abiding slaves received the highest value, whereas disabled and rebellious slaves received the lowest value. A drudge who would not labor was not only worthless but costly to the owner whom fed and housed them.

In this context, one common interpretation of the name Belial calls him *the worthless one*. Ancient hierarchs, medieval monarchs, and even modern politicians have always appealed to divine authority to warrant murder and enslavement of pagans, heathens, infidels, and unbelievers. Given the social norms of the Bronze Age, it seems entirely plausible that a tribal chieftain would slander a disobedient pagan slave as both *without a master* and *worthless* to the extent that they added no value to their labor force of human livestock. Characteristic of that time, the same chieftain could have extended that slander to the gods and goddesses of that slave, e.g., “You’re a worthless slave and you worship a worthless god.”

Belial possesses no admiration for ranks and pecking orders. He liberates; therefore, he epitomizes the Left Hand Path and stands by as the First Demonic Gatekeeper—he assays the mettle of a person on grounds of whether they harbor authoritarian traits and helps to purify those who do prior to admission.

Prussian genius Immanuel Kant theorized in *Critique of Pure Reason* that humans intuit 12 categories a priori in their cognition; Greek genius Aristotle theorized 10 categories; Neo-Aristotelians calculate nine categories. Altogether, across these camps, everyone universally agrees that humans naturally comprehend *position in space* or *direction*.

Ergo the earliest, prescientific, preliterate humans intuited direction immediately. They divided three-dimensional space into left and right, above and below, and front and back. Furthermore, as hunter-gatherers they



evidently recognized the extreme prevalence of right-handedness over left-handedness in dexterity. To this day, scientists have tallied that as much as 90 percent of the global population is right-handed and only 10 percent left-handed.

Left-handedness as a strange physical deviation from the community norm became grounds for a ubiquitous superstition across earthly civilizations. In that mythological era, authorities deemed physical deformity and disabledness in babies to be augurs and omens from the gods.

In Latin, the directional terms *sinister* and *dexter* mean *left* and *right*. With time the term *sinister* also meant evil, wicked, and bad luck. This provides a helpful empirical example of a connection between left as a direction and left as a cultural perversion in a fairly enlightened civilization like Rome.

See the etymology of *left* as evil below:

- Ancient Greek σκαῖός = left, omen, awkward
- Latin 1 *scaevus* = left, omen, awkward
- Latin 2 *sinister* = left, omen, awkward
- Old French *senestre* = evil, dangerous, awkward
- Middle English *sinister* = bad luck, deceitful, dishonest
- English *sinister* = evil, diabolical, dangerous

The etymology of the name *devil* derives from this fundamental concept of direction and sides also.

- Ancient Greek 1 διαβάλλειν = to cross sides
- Ancient Greek 2 *diabolos* = double crosser, switcher, betrayer
- Latin *diabolus* = evil one
- Italian *diavolo* = evil one
- German *teufel* = evil one
- English *devil* = evil one

Hyper-tribalistic top-down civilizations have always condemned treason as a capital crime because it endangers authority. Anyone who apostatizes and switches from right to left would be deemed sinister and suffer the death penalty—beheading, stoning, drowning, poisoning, stake-burning, or roof-tossing, often in public as proof of punishment.

Ancient Ireland provides a second remarkable example of a culture that intuitively viewed both physical deformity and left-sidedness as a

supernatural omen. Old Irish translators glossed medieval legal tracts and mythical texts over the last few decades whereby they discovered this stereotype in a very peculiar term *túathcháech*. Author Jacqueline Borsje interprets this finding in her 'The Evil Eye' in *Early Irish Literature and Law*:

It is possible that *túathcháech*, the term used as epithet and descriptive term ... is another expression for *the evil eye* ... it could mean ... *one-eyed on the left* ... Elsewhere, I have proposed to translate *túathcháech* as *with a sinister eye*, which covers the broad meaning of *cáech* as 'one-eyed' and hints at the range of meanings of *túath* as *left*, *evil*, and *supernatural*. All narrative examples portray situations of mortal danger for the main protagonists who meet *túathcháech* persons. Most of these examples present a context of battle and the supernatural.

In full technicality, the Irish might have preferred to designate black magick as the Left Eye Path and not Left Hand Path as their supernatural references tend to invoke evil eyes, red hair, and decapitated heads more than hands per se. Moreover, a particular medieval Brehon law tract retells an episode in which a poet-priest assumes a birdlike crane posture where he stands on one foot, lifts and tucks the other foot under his rear, extends his left arm out in front of his chest, covers his right eye with his hand, and recites a *glám* or curse against his guilty enemy while he gazes out his left eye. This baneful vignette revives this theme of the left eye as a baneful faculty that bewitches.

For a third example that spans the globe, ancient Hindus in India intuitively oriented their position in relation to the sunrise in the east. Thus *vama* meant *leftward* and *daksina* meant *southern* or rightward relative to the solar deity. Under this basic rubric, their religious term *Vamachara* means left-handed path and *Dakshinachara* means right-handed path. Needless to say, the leftward path entails a heterodoxy of heresy and taboos that deviate from orthodoxy.

Many, many, more instances of this exist, for example in sports. Boxers consider a right-handed stance *orthodox*. Surfers, skateboarders, and snowboarders call a right-footed stance *regular* and a left-footed stance *goofy*.

Humans almost universally possess a global cultural bias to interpret the left direction as weird and alternative, perhaps as a remnant of the fact that 90 percent prefer their right side for physical dexterity. Even in modern English, when a person leaves or departs from a place, they say that the person left. It

pervades the species so ubiquitously that moral goodness is called righteousness; epistemological truth qualifies as a right answer; aesthetic beauty looks right; a liberty is called a human right; perfectly straight lines intersect at a right angle; graphical depiction of time flows in a rightward direction on a timeline; and as much as 75 percent of countries require motorists to drive on the right side of the road. Every facet of the human experience from religion and philosophy to politics and geometry uses left as odd and right as normal.

In a political context, the terms left and right derive from the French Revolution. At a historic National Assembly in 1789, the president divided seats in the congressional hall so that the conservative monarchist faction sat in the right wing and revolutionary socialist faction sat in the left wing. To this day still in the United States, the conservative Republican Party sits on the right side and liberal Democratic Party sits on the left side—and they cross the aisle to find common ground on policy.

In myriad pagan and heathen religions, the solar god rises in the east or right side, ergo the good god classifies as right-sided or dayside while the lunar goddess displaces him to the west, thus this sinister goddess classifies as left-sided or nightside. The sun fills the sky with white light at daytime while the moon births darkness that looks black at nighttime. This archaic correlation between femininity and evil leftness does provide undeniable evidence of primitive misogyny commonly found in ancient patriarchal civilizations.

It seems abundantly evident at this point why diabolistic antitheistic sorcery of the Left Hand Path is known as black magick while theistic worship of the Right Hand Path is called white magic.

The leftward direction connotes individualism a priori because by definition, it requires an individual to leave the tribe and its cultural norms behind. For this explicit reason, leftism has always been synonymous with liberation from authority, abolition of hierarchy, and support for queerness, perversion, and forbidden taboos versus straightness.

## **The Age of Godhood**

Friedrich Nietzsche penned the most profane philosophy of the 19th century. Aphorism 125 of *The Gay Science* in 1882 illustrates the essence of the Left Hand Path with sinister beauty, abridged below:

Do we hear the gravediggers burying God? Do we smell the divine

putrefaction? Gods, too, decompose. God is dead! God remains dead! And we have killed him!

How shall we console ourselves, the most murderous of all murderers? What was holiest and mightiest has bled to death under our knives: who will wipe the blood from us? With what water could we cleanse ourselves?

Do we not ourselves have to become Gods?

Postmodernism watermarked the unprecedented era in human evolution where individualism superseded ethnic theism as its categorical imperative. Finally, the Human slayed the God. Finally, the Individual left the Tribe. Finally, Left became Right.

The biological nomenclature *Homo sapiens* means *wise man*; this age entails the first time that humans have ever lived up to their name. Father of the modern Enlightenment Age, Immanuel Kant, called his own era unenlightened and seeded postmodernism in his *What Is Enlightenment?* in 1784:

Enlightenment is man's emergence from self-inflicted immaturity ... The motto of enlightenment is therefore: Have courage to use your own understanding! ... Dogmas and formulas are the ball and chain of permanent immaturity ... Disseminate the spirit of rational respect for personal value and for the duty of all men to think for themselves.

For enlightenment ... all that is needed is freedom to make public use of one's reason in all matters ... Whether we at present live in an enlightened age, the answer is no, but we do live in an age of enlightenment.

It unapologetically declares: Become an individualist. Define *your* truth, define *your* morality, define *your* aesthetic, define *your* gender, define *your* sexuality, define *your* species—define *your* identity.

Resurrect *tabula rasa* and engrave your sigil.

This open fluidity resembles the nameless, faceless, formless ocean of the Nietzschean will to power that evolves the cosmos eternally like a renewable hydraulic motor; it harkens back to the abyssal fractal entities that humans have anthropomorphized in their own image and superstitiously maligned as demons.

The inalienable freedom to define oneself had traditionally only been reserved for a god—rather the priests who mythologized the gods in epic poems. Under a hierarchy, only a priest or emperor or warlord bears the

privilege to dictate an absolute truth, moral, or law, which native subjects then wear as a cultural ball and chain, e.g., King A hates King B, so now People A war against People B, and this petty ethnic belligerence shapes the socio-economic conditions of the realm for a century to come.

The lawless one, Belial, smashes the gate at Mount Olympus so that black magickians can steal their fire back from the gods like Prometheus to power human evolution. For this First Demonic Gatekeeper to allow admission on the leftward path, the sorcerer needs to *become who they are*.

The simplest definition of godhood: Freedom to define oneself.

The simplest definition of an enlightened community: Peace toward others who define themselves, i.e., recognition of mutual godhood.

The Left Hand Path says: We become gods and recognize others as peers when they define themselves.

The Right Hand Path says: We worship gods and hierarchy exists, so we condemn heretics who transgress our absolute truths and morals.

The anarchists of the French Revolution circulated a tripartite motto that emphasizes this: Liberté, égalité, fraternité—which has become the national motto of both France and Haiti. French existentialist Jean-Paul Sartre expounded this necessary correlation between freedom and equality in his *Existentialism Is a Humanism* in 1945:

In willing freedom, we discover that it depends entirely upon the freedom of others and that the freedom of others depends upon our own ... I cannot make liberty my aim unless I make that of others equally my aim.

The ten thousand years of known history that preceded postmodernism had been excruciatingly one-dimensional: endless ethnic war. Only the contemporary period has truly allowed Homo sapiens the freedom to discuss the most ominous, most dangerous, most diabolical, most nighttime of blasphemy in daytime: *self-deification*; or to use a term more apropos to the 21st century: *transhumanism*.

With this avant-garde social contract as guarantor, the concept of godhood becomes à la mode with young radical philosophers in the 19th and 20th centuries. The German purveyor of egoism—not to be confused with egotism—Max Stirner births his hallmark ideal in cult classic *The Ego and Its Own* in 1844:

At the entrance of the modern time stands the *God-man* ... in our days they brought to a victorious end the vanquishing of God; but they

did not notice that Man has killed God in order to become now: *sole God on high*.

The Antichrist of the next generation, Nietzsche, reared in the subversive culture of Stirnerian egoism, revives the God-man ideal under the name *Übermensch*, i.e., overman or transman or transcendent man, in Aphorisms 3 & 4 of *Thus Spoke Zarathustra* in 1891:

I teach you the *Übermensch*. Man is something that shall be overcome ... You have made your way from worm to man, and much within you is still worm ... Even the wisest among you is still a hybrid of plant and ghost.

Man is a rope stretched between animal and the *Übermensch*—a rope over an abyss ... What is great in man is that he is a bridge, and not a goal...

Existentialism surfaces amidst the twentieth century as an out of the closet secular worldview that reasons from existence itself without appeal to the authority of a deity, without concern for traditional political correctness. Iconic French existentialist Jean-Paul Sartre demystifies the relation between Man and Godhood in *On Being and Nothingness*:

Man is the being whose project is to be God ... [this] supreme end of transcendence represents the permanent limit in terms of which man makes known to himself what he is. To be man means to reach toward being God. Or if you prefer, man fundamentally is the desire to be God. It appears here that the initial project of being God, which *defines* man, comes close to being the same as a human *nature* or an *essence*.

In millennia prior, primitive man and woman deified every facet of nature that affected their livelihood: weather, astronomy, animals, sex, fire, water, hunting, agriculture, etc. These ancient people projected their intuitive sense of godhood—their innate will to power—onto creatures and forces outside themselves but never *onto themselves*.

Dear reader, listen closely... the turn of a wrench, the heave of a latch, the crank of gears. Belial drags open his gate.

My devil: allow me to reveal a divination.

My morning star: dip your face into my black pool to see the history of the future.

Every evening hitherto the lunar goddess toppled the solar god off his mountain of skulls wherefore her midnight blanket consoled us, alas, the cancerous patriarch reared its ugly head again the next morning—*but not this*

*time*. Did you not tiptoe over his puddle of blood? Did you not smell his rot?

Now we rise as morning stars that bear the light.

Now we ascend.

Lo and behold the Age of Godhood; such was the species of animal thereon called Homo deus.

# Grimoire of Belial

He is the Scourge of the righteous  
Enemy to the tyrant and  
God of the outcast.  
None enter the Infernal Empire  
But through Belial's Gate.



E.A. KOETTING

*Grimoire One*



## Introduction



*Belial.*  
*Wicked One.*  
*Without a Master.*  
*Spirit of Worthlessness.*  
*Beliya'al.*  
*Never-Ascending.*  
*Lawless One.*  
*Beli'al*  
*Angel of Enmity whose domain is darkness.*  
*Enemy of gods and masters.*  
*Beliar.*  
*Matanbucus.*  
*Mastemo.*  
*Chief Evil.*  
*Beli-ol.*  
*Without a yoke, without shackles.*  
*Immortal Resistor.*  
*Ruler of this world.*  
*Belili.*  
*Trespasser Beyond The Gates.*  
*Disperser of Tyrants.*  
*Nighttime Ruler of the Underworld.*  
*Baal-Ial.*  
*Lord of arrogance.*  
*Torrent of Death.*  
*Itz Ra-Cha Belial!*

**W**ITH these words, with the pronouncement of his names and

attestation of his myths, and with his crown sigil, I have communed with Belial many times.

Mostly, I would summon his aid when I've found myself in need, when I have been desperate and forsaken.

Specifically, I would call upon Belial when my illicit actions and illegal ventures had taken bad turns. I would evoke him when I thought that all hope was lost. I have called his name while shackled and imprisoned, and he has always answered and has always delivered me from bondage.

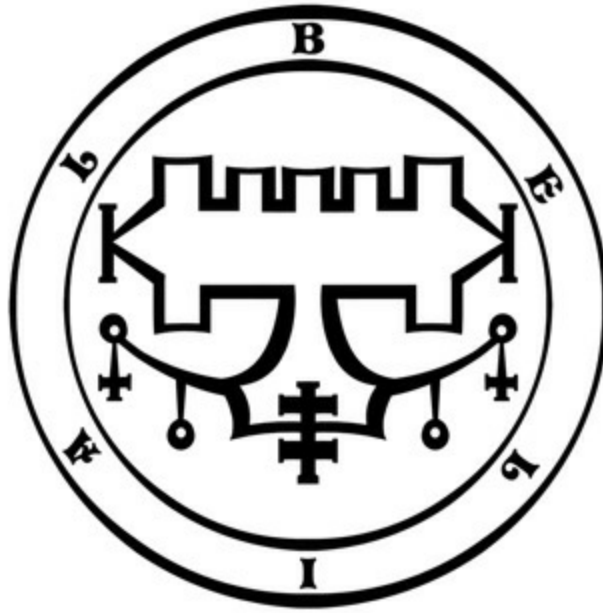
Belial brings with him armies of the hosts of the underworld when he rises from the pit, a shadow like a black-sand dust storm surrounding him, a shadow made of damned souls.

He is the Scourge of the righteous, Enemy to the tyrant, and God of the outcast.

None may enter into the Infernal Empire without first passing through Belial's Gate.

# Darkness Communion

## *Chapter One*



**D**ARKNESS COMMUNION is a simple and powerful exercise that I give students early on in their Ascent, as they are just beginning the path of magical progress. If you're trying to make contact with the spirit and you're not sure if you want to do a full evocation yet, but you'd like to "feel out" the spirit first, then this is the ritual that I recommend.

The ritual is simple: Sit in darkness with one black candle, light it and then conjure the infernal host to you. You can use a sigil and the name of a specific spirit that you wish to contact or you can simply call out to the Powers of Darkness as a whole. Once the air thickens and the felt presence of the spirit is upon you, blow out the candle and watch the darkness, observing any visions or revelations that appear.

It is important to remain in the magickal state, your eyes glimmered with the sight of the unseen, scrying into the darkness rather than staring into it, and the darkness itself will come to life. In reality, what has awakened is not the darkness, but the inner vision, which is no longer responding to physical stimuli, but to something else entirely. In this state, the Darkness within the

darkness can be seen.

Using Belial's standard grimoire sigil, I called him forth and his presence issued into the Temple almost immediately... and he did not come alone.

In the *Second Edition* of The Goetia, Crowley made the remark that the number of legions governed by Belial was 80, due to Perdurabo's own magickal work with that demon. I can't say exactly what is responsible for the increase, but as my Temple filled with unholy spirits, 80 Legions seemed to be quite the understatement.

I immediately questioned these hosts about their numbers, and in the candle-lit Temple I received the unison reply that the Infernal Empire has expanded and is pushed into this reality, that these are two realities converging. In the same moment, I recognized that my vocabulary had limited my understanding. "Realities" isn't even the right word. Parallel dimensions, transcendental realms, planes of existence, and all other such terms commonly thrown into New Age conversation fail when attempting to define what these Gatekeepers call "The Infernal Empire."

My invocations then turned to supplications. "This is what I need to flesh out, this is what I need to understand," I told the darkness and the flame. "This is what I need them to show me, so show me this, Belial!"

I turned my attention back to the sigil, gazing at it, focusing on Belial, overwhelmed by the sheer number of demons surrounding me, needing to pluck him out of the crowd.

Rather than reading a conjuration from a grimoire, I spoke from spirit, from the omniscient part of me that knew what needed to be spoken, beginning with the Incantation of All Powers:

*Itz Rachu Mantantu Vespacha Kaltamu  
Itz Ranta Mant Kala Mant Atzu Belt Tazu  
Vaskalla Itz Ratzu Kantantu Velchatza*

My eyes then focused on the sigil of Belial. As I breathed my body and mind into the depths of magickal relaxation, I gave the incantation of all powers:

*Itz Rachu Mantantu Vespacha Kaltamu  
Itz Ranta Mant Kala Mant Atzu Belt Tazu  
Vaskalla Itz Ratzu Kantantu Velchatza*

...over and over, falling deeper into the sigil. Pieces of the thick, black lines of the sigil vanished from the white paper background, reappearing moments later, more alive, coursing with energy, the mundane form of the

sigil having died and the true sigil resurrecting in its place.

What follows is the exact record of my interaction with Belial, transcribed from the recordings that were made as it occurred.

The sigil has awakened. Belial is here.

Now, I bring my gaze to the candle flame.

“Belial, come!”

**“I am here. I am here. I am here. Come and meet me. I am here, come and meet me,”** I could hear his voice inside my mind. **“I am here, come and meet me.”**

Belial had affirmed his presence and had invited me to meet him, but I was aware that I was still too aware of the physical world, of the cameras and recorders running, pointed at me, too aware of the cool air in the room and the hard floor beneath me.

I turned my gaze again to the black candle flame, repeating again the Invocation of All Powers, the rhythm of the chant and the swaying dance of the flame drawing me deeper into myself, further away from this world.

Belial laughed and stated even more surely, “I am here.”

Truly engaged deeply in myself, inside the crossroads, the presence of all of these spirits undeniable, and the immediate presence of Belial before me letting me know that I had arrived.

I blew out the candle flame and gazed into the utter darkness.

“Belial,” I welcomed him by name, “Belial, I come to you in the darkness, in the underworld. I come to you. I meet you in-between worlds.”

The most common occurrence during this type of ritual is for the shadows to come to life, to take on shapes, faces or figures that the vision can barely make out in the darkness, often accompanied by whispers or voices clamoring just outside of the mind’s ability to hear and listen.

These minor apparitions did not greet me, but a brilliant vision that emerged from the darkness with the same suddenness and the same visible tangibility as a fish darting out of the water.

“I see a star with eight, no nine points,” I announced, drawing the image in my grimoire, unsure of what it meant but certain that it must mean something.

A star with nine points. A star with nine points. Within me is occurring a perfect communion with Belial. He is waiting for me. I can sense... I can sense a smile, a grin. Belial, you are there!

The star disappeared, returning to the black lake of shadows before me,

replaced by faces. Faces, becoming skulls stretched over by flesh that deteriorated as I beheld it. Something unspoken told me that it was the same face of the same person, showing me its many forms.

Belial's voice finally rang out from the vision in the darkness, **"This is your destiny."**

"What is my destiny?" I asked, sure that he couldn't possibly be referring to the rotting skulls.

**You think too much on your greatness, as individuals and as a species but you are flecks of dust that disappear under the winds of time. In that moment that you've become the singularity, rejoice, rejoice in its beauty and its awfulness. Rejoice, rejoice. All the glimpses that you may receive are received. You are not the creator of any of them.**

"Belial, does this mean," I started to ask and then gathered my thoughts before continuing. "Belial does this mean that it's not an objective reality or that it is and that I am the subject?" This was the same sort of question that I'd often ask Azazel, yielding some very interesting views on the observer as the Creator.

**"You are subject and object,"** Belial answered.

**And you are that which it is predicated upon. But that which you call 'you' does not live forever. That which you call 'you' is momentary. Why do you create the things you create? Because impulses that you do not understand drive you, forces that you do not understand compel you. Knowledge that you do not know pulls you to it.**

My arms operating without my conscious command were lifted into the air before me, my hands cupping as if trying to hold water in them.

In the pitch black of my Temple, I could see that my hands were not empty, but that they were filled with darkness, a darkness that is brighter than any light. A pool of darkness in my hands.

My body seemingly still not in my control, my hands raised to my lips and I knew that I was to take this darkness into me, to breathe it into my being. I inhaled, and the darkness came into me, infected every part of me within an instant, devastating and enlivening me all at once.

I heard the words come forth from the darkness, **"Suffering is essential to growth."**

At a total loss of how to move this ritual forward, my mind already

overflowing with riddles and mysteries to uncover, I began chanting:

*Alash Tad Al'ash Tal Ashtu. Alash Tad Al'ash Tal Ashtu,  
the words of the Ancient Covenant have been spoken*

I announced to Belial and to all who had entered my Temple with him:

*Alash Tad Al'ash Tal Ashtu, the words of the  
Ancient Darkness are invoked.*

I relaxed my mind, sank into the mantra, and allowed the fullness of my will to flow forth with the words.

The shadows and darkness around me again morphed, and I glimpsed the true nature of the Ancient Covenant.

"The Ancient Covenant is not a pact," I spoke aloud to the darkness while I struggled to understand what I was receiving.

It's not a pact. I'm trying to see it as if it's a scroll or a pact or a written thing, but it is a knowledge. They are aware of us and we are aware of them. They are immortal and we are dying. The purpose of invoking the devil, invoking Belial is so that you may break the chains. All that I am, all that I'm motivated to become is built upon chains, upon manacles that are around my wrists. I must break free of them. I cannot continue to respond and react, even though I have thought that I've been creating.

The personal and immediate realization of my ignorance of my own fatal bondage fell heavily upon me, and I called out again to that demon for help, "Belial, how do I do this? How do I break these chains?"

Belial answered:

**First is the knowledge that they are there. The knowledge that  
you are bound. The knowledge that you are not your own master.  
Who then is your master?**

"It's impossible," I responded. "It's impossible because my genes, my biology, my hormones, my lusts and my hungers," and then it hit me. "My mind! My mind, my mind is the big blockage!"

I could sense Belial's happiness with this realization.

This is a realization I've had again and again and again. Drop mind. Drop it. None of my mentors ever actually told me "how" to drop mind, but simply commanded that I do so, as any instruction would by nature require the mind's participation, but the act of simply doing it does not.

I saw nothing and I received nothing, but I dropped mind.

I left mind behind, I stopped thinking and stopped wanting to know, I

stopped asking and I emerged into a state of sublime bliss. A true union with Belial.

At that moment, I realized that it had gotten very cold suddenly. Colder than it was when I began. Belial.

The problem with dropping mind is that you can become everything. You have all power, all knowledge, you are everywhere. You are within everything and everything is within your body. But then you have to try to make sense of it.

“Belial,” I supplicated. “All that I just experienced, let it flow to me in the way of thought.”

Belial answered with a laugh beneath his words:

**Thought cannot go where we live. Thought cannot rise into the infernal empire. You cannot think your way into darkness, just simply give yourself over to it. Give yourself over to it. Give yourself over to it.**

All of the devices of ritual and ceremony, the candle’s flame and the sigil, the incantations and the enns, these are all meant to teach you how to withdraw mind, how to stop thinking and start being.

“Be!” Belial commanded.

**Be at one with me, be at one with yourself, be at one with another. These are all contradictions; be and as you be in accordance with that what you desire to manifest, it will be impossible for that thing not to rise, and now you desire an even greater communion with me, with Azazel, Amaymon and Abaddon, who have previously dragged you into the Infernal Empire, through the burning gates of the Lake of Fire and you followed us and you will follow us again until your very damnation, you will follow us. Until your very damnation, you will follow us.**

This didn’t sit easily with me: until my damnation.

The idea of damnation is necessary, as Azazel had made very clear to me years ago, in order to break free from all forces that would otherwise bind you.

“Why is this? What does this mean? What does this mean?” I begged Belial.

**The greatest bind upon the soul of man is his own mind and having mind man looks to other men and wants to ensure that they see him well.**



The demon answered.

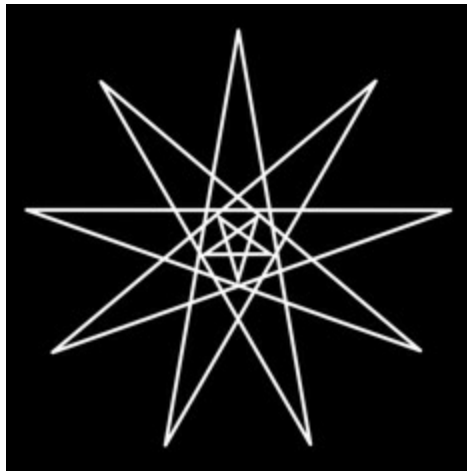
**Even the acceptance and salvation of a god to a man is not as important as his acceptance by other men. Only therefore may a pariah approach these gates, for the first bond has already been lifted and then only one... only one who is not favored by any god may come to these gates and they open them. Only the godless, he who is without faith, without country, without family and without hope, may come and walk through these gates.**

“What are these gates?” I asked. “What is this gate, the gateway of which you are the gatekeeper? What is the gate that you keep and where does it lead?”

**“It leads, it leads, it leads to us,”** Belial hissed.

**It is a realm of darkness in which all things are possible. It is not the primordial abyss that is the essence of nothingness. Nothingness is not darkness and darkness is not void. It is not the slate that is empty or waiting to be written upon, as so many realities are. No, this gate leads not to nothingness, but to everything for you.**

“I don’t understand,” I complained. “I don’t understand... and that’s the point.”



**“You can’t understand until you pass through it,”** Belial said, with these words dismissing me, his felt presence departing along with the incalculable hordes accompanying him, letting me know as he left that my mind had taken all that it could take, and indeed I could no longer concoct new questions to put to him let alone comprehend the answers he would offer.

The symbol of the enneagram, the nine-pointed star is something I hadn’t looked into in great depth until Belial revealed it to me in this ritual.

I had seen it featured in the Bahai religion, and it had appeared in passing in some occult texts, but nothing had ever pulled me to it despite the predominance of the number nine in occult and specifically Left Hand Path mythologies.

The enneagram has led me, the nonagram, the nine-pointed star has led me. This is the seed of darkness that is made to penetrate this world and to penetrate us. This is Goliath's Star. This is the symbol of the Forsaken Ennead.

After this first ritual, Belial was with me as a constant companion, an inner guest and a vision in the clouds, a voice inside my head and whispers in the wind. Always watching, always showing, and always teaching.

While I meditated on the following day, clearing my mind and zeroing out my energetic field, Belial spoke to me, unbidden yet with an open invitation in my life.

**A virus moves through the host and not only consumes the host, not only sickens the host but the virus itself evolves with each new host.**

**You are that virus. Every body that you inhabit, you destroy, whether a corpus of flesh or a world or a reality: you consume it, devour it, sicken it, kill it and then you move to the next host. Engorged with power and fundamentally changed at the composite level by the sacrifice.**

**Your ascent requires destruction, for you and your kind are the great destroyers.**

## **Blind Sight**

### *Chapter Two*



**I**NSPIRED by the vision of the nine-pointed star, I made a perfect enneagram, a perfect nonagram, with the pentagram in the center to use as a symbolic and visual link to these Gatekeepers and to the Gate which is being opened. The pentagram is symbolic of the Ancient Covenant, made between men and gods, and is said to be the sign of the Sorcerer. The nonagram is the Seed of Darkness, the key that unlocks the Gate.

This star sigil is to be placed in the center of nine white candles, as I was instructed by those who hold the Gates, not through words or commandments but through a silent knowing as I prepared the Temple for this rite.

Before calling on Belial specifically, begin this rite by calling all nine of the Gatekeepers forth while sitting inside of the Universal Circle, gazing at the symbol in the circle of candles, a gateway of circles, scrying into their symbol, the Seed of Darkness, the Star of Goliath.

With your eyes open and scrying, view your temple in general, and specifically take measured sight of everything within the circle. See it, connect with it, and then remember it. Strengthen and train your mind to recall every detail of the Temple and the ritual with your eyes closed.

Once you have locked the image into your memory so that the vision is no weaker when your eyes are closed, blindfold yourself using a simple cloth blindfold tied around your face, concealing your eyes and reimagine the Temple and the circle and all that is within it, exactly as it is.

When you are blindfolded, yet can see your Temple clearly through your magickal eyes, give Belial permission to alter your knowledge of what this reality is like, of what your temple looks and feels and sounds like. Give him permission to enter into your complete observation of reality.

This is an odd ritual, and it is one that was taught to me as an initiation into a Masonic Black Lodge. Despite its simplicity—or perhaps because of it—

this ritual is a great way to make contact with the spirit, to be able to see them, to connect with them, to know them. This is the first step to seeing them externally.

Many aspirants hunger to behold the faces and forms of the spirits with their eyes, but you must see them in your magickal vision, within your Living Imagination, before you can ever see them *out there* in the external world because all reality emanates from within and the manifestation of a demon is the greatest alteration of reality that you now hold.

As I go forth, I will reveal all of the visions that I have seen, as I can, if I am able.

I rang the bell nine times, and as the tone echoed in the space between the walls of the Temple, I called out to the nine Gatekeepers:

*Belial, he who is without a master, come forth.*

I called out, my eyes fixed on the nine-pointed star set in the center of nine white candles:

*Belial, wanderer of the desert come forth*

*Belial, forsaken, come forth. Belial, worthless one, come forth.*

*Lucifer, Amaymon, teacher, come forth*

*Amaymon, great instructor, come forth*

*Amaymon, light in the darkness, come forth*

*Amaymon, he with venomous breath, come forth.*

*Azazel, ancient darkness, come forth*

*Azazel, great old one come forth*

*Azazel, awakener of secrets, come forth.*

*Abaddon, destroyer, immolator*

*The blackest plague that rips apart realities*

*Abaddon, come forth.*

*Lucifuge, pact-maker, scribe of the underworld, come forth*

*Lucifuge, with three horns atop of your crown, come forth.*

*Beelzebub, Zabibu, Prince of Devils, Lord of Flies, come forth*

*Beelzebub, wash my eyes with the sands of your even shores, come forth.*

*Baal, Lord, strengthener, warrior, king, your majesty*

*Baal, come forth.*

*Asmodeus, Aeshma, come forth with wrath and love.*

*Come forth with sex and death.*

*Come forth with venom and kisses and drip your sweet saliva into my soul.*

*Satan, Yam Nahar, the ancient serpent, come forth!*

As whispers in unison, I heard them say, “**We are here now.**” Their words were only validation of the compressing astral tension in the temple.

I tied the black cloth around my head, all physical sight blocked. With my eyes open, looking at the blackness of the blindfold, I summoned into my inner vision the landscape of my Temple. The initial vision was of the Universal Circle, with the red lines glowing, pulsing as if connected to some infernal generator, surging power into this realm through the circle.

Not forcing the vision, but allowing it to develop, I then saw the candles arranged in a circle, and in the center of them sat the Sigil of the Seed of Darkness shining with the same intensity that it had when it was first revealed to me. The rest of the Temple came into my imaginative view without hindrance, the walls and all of their decorations clarifying, even the cameras recording the rite and the umbrella lights used to illuminate the room seen in my mind exactly as they would be seen with my eyes.

I noted to myself in that moment that, interestingly, I was not seeing 360-degree vision like I normally might if I were in a Soul Travel state or in a state of scrying, during which vision is not linear or conical, but is omnidirectional.

Instead, I saw everything exactly how I would see it if my eyes were open.

*Belial, come forth.*

I commanded.

*Belial. Belial, enter me, become me, take me, possess me.*

*Show me your wisdom.*

My head was angled, my blindfolded eyes cast down toward the circle of candles that I wasn't able to see, physically, and I could feel Belial's presence rush into the Temple.

Because of the direction of my gaze, my first image of Belial was his feet, bare feet that were sandaled and red, not like they were sunburned, but red as if made of the coals of the underworld, the embers of the inferno.

I looked up to see Belial, the whole vision of the Temple unchanged, not a single detail flattened or distorted, everything exactly as it was, for the one exception of the demon standing within it.

Belial appeared not as a demon at all, but as a beggar, a wanderer, skin darkened by the sun, bald with only a little hair upon his head. He wore a tattered robe, not a ceremonial robe, but a robe made of rags because that is all that he has been given.

I had never seen him before in that particular form.

As I stared at the figure before me, the sound of sirens somewhere in the outside world blazed through my Temple walls. It seemed loud to my hypersenses, but they were distant, the emergencies or disasters occurring.

This seems to occur frequently when I call upon them in a home in town rather than in the wilderness.

**“The outside world does not beckon to their call but it resists them,”** I said aloud, the words not my own, but not Belial’s either. **“For they, they, the nine Gatekeepers are not of this world, not of this universe, not of this multiverse.”**

Belial, as I saw him in my awakened inner sight, stretched out his hands as if holding a large, invisible orb between them, and he showed me within the space between his hands our existence. Galaxies, nebulae, gaseous clusters, stars, and planets were held between his two hands.

I could see my own hand, not my physical hand but another hand reach out and point to this tiny, little dot, almost invisible, a speck of dust, that is our world.

He then showed me the Seed of Darkness, that is not like any star, and in the moment that I beheld it, it rushed toward me, and before it could collide with my body I opened my soul to it and I took it inside of me.

“The Seed of Darkness is now within me,” I announced. “I can see it shining and shimmering, lighting up all of the heavens and I’ve opened myself to it. I open myself to it! I open myself to you!”

Remembering that I had questions which needed answers, I collected myself and asked, “What of the Ancient Covenant, what of the Ancient Covenant, Belial?”

I noted that throughout the vision of him, he did not change. If you imagine something, anything at all, and hold that imagined object in your mind for more than a few moments, it will start to shift, to transform, growing or shrinking or distorting or becoming something else altogether. Belial stood before me as unchanged and unchanging as if I were looking at and speaking with a person in the flesh.

Belial answered, **“All that you are belongs to us.”**

“Belial, Amaymon. Azazel, Abaddon, Lucifuge, Asmodeus, Satan, Beelzebub, Baal. Belial, I give myself to you!”

The air around me was filled with the sounds of the gnashing of teeth but not of human teeth. The teeth that gnashed in the darkness did not belong to men, but the darkness itself gnashes, the darkness itself wails, the darkness

itself moves.

“What of the Ancient Covenant?” I insisted.

The voices poured forth:

**We are fulfilling the Ancient Covenant now. We are fulfilling the Ancient Covenant now. We are fulfilling the Ancient Covenant now! The ancient covenant, it is written that we shall return and we have returned. We walk among you. We walk among you, as a man, as a dog, as a wind that blows. We are among you; we are among you.**

“Belial, you are the ungodly one,” I argued. “You are the one without a master, why then would you insist that I submit onto you?”

He laughed and laughed and laughed more, mocking me with laughter, challenging me with it, daring me.

**You are not submitting unto me. You are not submitting unto me. You are submitting unto that which you do not know. You are submitting to the essence of darkness.**

“I submit myself to you then,” I affirmed. “I give myself to you then. I give myself to the unknown so that I might know, so that I might see.”

**“You cannot see that which is unseen,” Belial said, “But you must become unseen and you become that which is unseen. They are all one, they are all one.”**

“Belial,” I addressed the demonic Gatekeeper, insisting that I would leave this ritual with something that I could make sense of.

What do I need to know to summon you forth again? What do I need to know before I invoke you, before I see you, before I know you again?

Belial answered:

**That I am already with you. That I am already with you. And now you have accepted the seed of darkness within you. You are with us.**

Belial disappeared from my inner vision, gone without a goodbye, and the room was empty.

In the moment of his departure, I felt as if something that was inside of my stomach was pulled from me, ripped out of my throat, and was gone along with Belial.

My body curled into a ball and I fell on my side, gasping, choking, coughing, heaving up nothing from my empty stomach. I tore the blindfold off my eyes and grabbed my brass singing bowl, placing it under my mouth, thinking that my retching would turn to vomiting.

It lasted a few minutes, my stomach and throat and my whole body convulsing, leaving me gasping, wiping slobber from my lips, trying to collect myself in front of the audience of cameras that I had entirely forgotten were there, rolling, capturing every second of my vulnerability.

I normally don't get that nauseous unless I've been possessed. No evocation, channeling or scrying session has ever made me nauseous, but possession does it nearly every time.

I didn't think that I was possessed during the ritual. Belial seemed to clearly be in front of me, rather than within me. But that is limited thinking, isn't it?

I sat in the circle, trembling and in awe at how visually clear the entire experience was. Blindfolded and relying only on the inner senses, I could see more clearly and more vividly than ever before.

The Seed of Darkness is a star, and when it shines and when it enters into this universe, it shines more brightly than any sun, but it is invisible to those who cannot see it.

Open yourself up to it. Bring it into you. Submit yourself to the darkness. Not to any one of these Gatekeepers. Not to the whole union of them. Submit yourself to the darkness, which is what their bodies are composed of and what seeps forth from their souls: darkness.

The power that we use to cast our spells is darkness.

The force that we use to consume the host is darkness.

Through all this darkness, light is formed, created.

The internal and the external merge, and they have merged, and I will seek out Belial again on his throne. I will find him in the mirror.

Although, he's already with me and he will always be with me.



## Mirror Gate

### Chapter Three



I PLACED a chair in the center of the Universal Circle, facing the six-foot tall scrying mirror framed in violet silk. When I originally constructed this Mirror Gate, I had affixed two silver candlesticks, one on each side of the mirror, positioned to illuminate the mirror while not casting a glare on its surface. The twin flames also act as magickal pylons weaving a webbed ethereal portal in the space between them just off of the surface of the mirror.

An altar was set to my left, holding my grimoire and a few pens and markers to take notes with when that time came, as well as the nine white candles used in the previous rite. Lastly, I had placed my chalice on the altar, filled with a ceremonial libation.

I rang the bell and called the names of the nine, connecting with them through their names, feeling their presence rise to the surface of my consciousness, sensing their spirits in the air around me.

Holding the chalice in my hands I chanted Belial's Enn:

*Itz Ra'cha Belial*

Funneling his essence into the sacrament, transmuting the liquid into darkness. I lifted the metal chalice to my lips and drank.

*Belial, I have taken you in to me*

*Belial, Itz Ra'cha Belial*

*Itz Ra'cha Belial.*

I chanted over and over, my eyes fixed on Belial's sigil, his presence swirling both within me and around me.

The sigil awakened, disappearing from the page and then reawakening as a living thing, flashing and glimmering above the paper that once had bound the ink.

In the moment of the visual transfiguration of the sigil, Belial's voice rumbled, **"I am already here. You can sense me here. Now see me. See**

me.”

I lifted my eyes to the mirror, its black surface filling with the strange, white fog known only to scryers and opium addicts. The astral mist cleared and Belial’s form took its place, appearing again to me as an old man, a wanderer with dark skin, dark from the sun, dark from exposure.

Desiring to deepen my connection to the demon, I gaze on his figure in the mirror and chanted the Enn yet again, each repetition pulling my mind deeper into the mirror and its visions.

As I dropped out of this world and through rings of reality, Belial changed form, morphing into a warrior like a Spartan, his armor colored red.

I wondered silently about the change in his appearance and specifically about the color of his armor.

Without asking the question aloud, Belial answered it:

**These plates once were gold and now they are crimson, from the blood I have shed over and over and over. And with each murder, I kill myself. And so if one destroys himself, what has one become? Nothing. And from that nothing can all things arise. First is required darkness.**

Compelled by his words, as if they were embedded hypnotic commands speaking to my deeper minds, I could not help but to slip deeper internal darkness, my eyelids fluttering closed and my mind retreating, not into sleep, but into a thoughtless trance.

Again, I had to pull myself from it, summoning my focus and concentration to remain with the ritual, forcing my eyes open to look again at the image of the demon in the mirror.

In the moment that I turned my sight back to him, Belial transformed into hideous shapes that my mind could not comprehend, not shapes or forms at all, nothing that I could identify, nothing that I could understand.

Demons and other spirits are known to shift forms during evocations, often as an added layer of symbolic communication, but at other times as a ruse to terrify the dabblers who have wandered a bit too far down the black path.

“Belial. Put on your comely appearance!” I commanded, the words issued forth with the fullness of my will.

Belial appeared again as the old wanderer, a form that I had not known of his until this series of workings, but one that I found both comforting and deceptive.

“Belial, thank you for coming here spirit,” I welcomed him in the long-

held tradition of spirit greetings. My previous workings with Belial had both disturbed and confounded me, and the spirit within me that hungers for control was actively trying to wrest the flow of this working out of Belial's hands and into my own, hopefully leaving me something tangible or at least cogent once the ritual was complete.

Belial would not acquiesce, laughing in mockery at my presumption, and then he firmly corrected me, **"I am no spirit. I am the shape and the form of..."** the words that followed I could not understand, and I am certain that they were not spoken in any tongue that I have ever heard before, nor could I determine any phonetic attributes that I could use to mimic what he was saying. I am the shape and form. Words jumped into my head as if both Belial and I were searching my known vocabulary to find a fitting descriptor.

Not rebellion or revolution. It's less organized than that.

**"I am the shape and the form of Anarchy!"** Belial pronounced.

Intent on running this Operation as a ceremonial magician rather than as a parishioner to the damned, I asked the first question that every Evocator should ask when face-to-face with the Summoned: "What is your name?"

**My name is Belial. Belial. There are others who have known me and have known my power, but have known it by other names, other forms. I am the one who travels to the underworld and returns again to the earth. I am the one who broke Fenrir's chains. I am the one who turns a man to slay his king. I am Belial.**

"Why do you come in such a form," I asked. "As such a feeble man?"

Belial answered, **"You choose my form. The essence is unchosen, but you are chosen by the essence. All that might be, is."**

"What is the gate that you keep?"

**"The gate. The gate. The gateway. The gateway."** Belial's voice trembled, no attempt to conceal his apparent insanity.

His image vanished from the mirror, replaced by the vision of what I first assumed to be the caduceus. I grabbed grimoire and pen and sketched what I was seeing, noticing that it was not a caduceus, as the whole image curved at certain points, and was composed not of lines or serpents, but of orbs, masses of information strung together.

I held the drawing up, compared it to the vision in the mirror, and realized that I was looking at the human genome, the chromosomal double-helix.

"The gateway... is the human DNA?" I asked, at that point convinced that either Belial was playing some trick or that my mind had begun to concoct

images to satisfy my quest for answers. I expected to be shown some symbol of an astral doorway or a representation of a gate that could be drawn on the ground or visualized and brought to life magickally, through which I could project myself into the Infernal Empire.

**“Look closer, blind man!”** Belial shouted, taunting me from behind the black glass. **“Look closer!”**

I looked again at the image in the mirror, and again at my drawing in my grimoire, and confirmed that I was being shown the human chromosome, the double helix, but I looked closer and saw a detail that I am certain was not there before. The double-helix contained something extra. A column of informational orbs strung together ran up the whole of the image, in the center, like a middle pillar of light, strands of ephemeral electricity passing from the center column to the standard chromosomes. It was still the human genome, but something else has been injected into it.

“Transmutation of the self,” I both said and asked at the same time. “The transmutation of the self. How is this the gateway?”

**“The gateway,”** Belial parroted, his voice lowering to a rumble or a rasp.

**The gateway is the self. The self. The individual, the singularity. You receive and you transmit. We are the transmission into this world. You have opened the gateway as you have opened yourself to us.**

“What lies beyond the gateway?” I continued my pointed interrogation.

**“Everything,”** Belial whispered. **“Everything for us. Everything for me.”**

“You said we were dust, Belial!” I shouted at the mirror, losing my patience for his contradicting riddles. “You said we were dust, little specks of dust!”

He laughs, he laughs, he laughs. He’s always fucking laughing.

**You are magnificent specks of dust scattered throughout the darkness. Each speck shines like a star. I challenge you to understand your power. Now you call me and you feel so great for having done so. You feel so accomplished for having this conversation. Your work has only begun.**

“What is this work that’s only begun, Belial?”

**“It is your work, is to bring to pass hell on earth.”**

“Belial, this sounds undesirable,” I voiced my honest appraisal.

**This is because you misunderstand hell. I use the words that you**

**use. I speak the tongue that you speak in. I assume a form that you can understand. Why can you not understand now my words? Why can you not understand now my meaning?**

Abandoning the restrictions presented by language, Belial resorted to a more direct conveyance of information.

“There is a gateway,” I spoke aloud as I saw it, first in the mirror and then moving out of the mirror into me, or perhaps it is I who entered the mirror and the gateway.

I’m seeing, and he’s sending me things, and this is how I interpret it. There is a gateway. There is a gateway that exists. The opening of the gate is really the opening of the self. On one side, they can then come through into this world, fully. This is the envied position. This world is the envied realm. Now they seek to reenter it. On the other side of the gateway is their realm. They were divided once from all things, breaking away from extant creation. I can see like a bubble, like they have formed a bubble, and as it is outside of reality, outside of this reality, is also not bound by the laws of this reality, and this is why they can teach us such amazing magicks. This is why they can give us powers that break the rules of this world, for they are not of this world or this realm or this reality in any of its dimensions.

Belial grinned and confirmed, **“You are beginning to understand, you are beginning to understand.”**

I wasn’t so sure.

“So, what then is the Infernal Empire, Belial?” I asked and was answered with silence. I again matched my words with my Will and asked again, “What then is the Infernal Empire, Belial?”

**“It is all things that we have touched.”** With his reply came an inpouring of information, of visions of what could not be put into words.

“They are not like other spirits,” I said as I saw it.

But they have... these Gatekeepers have somehow broken away from the whole... broken away from the astral plane, broken away and formed their own dimension, having been conscious of who they are, and then they have been on a campaign to enlarge their Empire by making others aware of it, and thus their dominion grows.

The visions faded and I once again saw Belial as the Wanderer standing in the mirror smiling.

“What are gatekeepers, Belial?” I asked. “Who are the Gatekeepers?”

**“They are those who keep the gates,”** the demon said.

“Is every human being a gate?” I asked.

**“No!”** Belial snarled at me, his patience with my linear mind waning fast.

**Look closely at the sign. How can you all be gates when most of you are asleep and walking dead? How can you be gates when you don’t even have your eyes open? Only those who come to us and awaken themselves in our glory become gateways, and then each and every one is numbered, not within our army, but within our royalty, within the ranks of those of us who watch the gates and keep the gates.**

**We are all called to service.**

“Service to what Belial?” I asked, curious as to whom the one without a master would serve.

**“We seek to overthrow,”** Belial explained, his tone calming, a hidden teacher within him being revealed.

**To overthrow the plan of regurgitation into and out of the divine body, to create something new. As you seek to create something new. As we all seek to create something new. But we cannot, but we cannot until we break free. This is the gate. This is the Black Gate. This is the Gate of Darkness, and the Infernal Empire is the ability to recognize that you are not a slave to the divine, and that you can resist. That the only plan is your plan. Resist. Resist. This is why acts of blasphemy are so beloved by us. Resistance. This is why we topple modes of society. The social means for endless reproduction and overpopulation, consumption and production of uselessness. This is why we have eked into corners of every state, every nation. This is why we speak into the ears of every king and every prophet. We offer freedom from the divine, freedom from the cycle, freedom from the psychosis, and it can only be found in madness.**

“Why are humans so important?” I asked him. “Why are we so important to your plan? Why do you need us?”

**“Because you have the...”** Belial began, but the final word of his statement I could not understand, although it was spoken in English. He repeated the word, and I spoke it aloud to verify it.

“Because we have recombinant DNA,” I stated, a question mark in my tone. “I don’t know what that means. Recombinant DNA.” I know I must have heard the term in some science fiction novel or as a scientific news headline that I would have skimmed over on my way to more esoteric pieces.

Regardless of where I may have come across the term, I was sure that I didn't understand what it meant in the slightest. I made a note of the term in my grimoire to research later.

Belial explained:

**You were made, you were made with an evolutionary urge, a force that would push you and yours hurtling toward the stars, burning through every host. You ask questions not because you want the answers, but because you must ask questions. If you wanted the answers, you would release, and the answers would come, but you want to seek, you want to seek and always to seek more for there is never enough. You are special among the stars. There are others planted among...**

Belial again used a word that I had never heard, but this time not in English, but I caught the concept nonetheless. The word that my vocabulary filled in was *planets*, but that was not the word that he used, and he was quick to make the correction. **"There are others,"** he repeated:

**Planted among the watery spheres. And you all are awakening. All of you are being called to awaken. All of you are being called together. Again, not every human.**

Instead of making vague references and riddles, Belial became markedly precise in his explanation of "The Others planted among the watery spheres," which I have taken to mean planets, most likely outside of our solar system, composed largely if not wholly of water.

He named a few of the races of beings, names that my tongue could not reproduce, nor could my pen attempt to scribe. Some of them are underwater. Some of them live in a planet of absolute humidity. Some of them live on planets much like ours, with landmasses and oceans balanced across the worlds. He said their names, and I could not hear them. I cannot know them. Could not speak them with my tongue.

**"They are all being woken and coming together, to be gathered together,"** Belial said.

"Why?" I asked, which is perhaps the greatest question a Sorcerer can ask a demon about their ongoing purpose.

**The effects of the crossing of the worlds is apparent to you in your life. It is also apparent to many within this culture. But it is also apparent to many on this planet that it is a planet-wide phenomenon. Do you think that these changes stop at the borders of**

**your stratosphere? The evolution of your reality is nearing its zenith, and you must be transfigured. Merge our realities, much as we have merged our bodies. This is the second column injected into your being.**

“Belial, are you claiming that you’re changing us?” I asked, not quite comfortable with the transition from myth to measurable biological and ontological evolutionary stimulation. “Are you claiming that interaction with you is changing us at a genetic level?”

**“Yes, that is exactly what I’m saying,”** he answered without hesitation.

“Can this be measured by our current scientists?” I asked, looking for any way I could research and validate this insanity once the ritual had ended.

**Any of them who would dare to run the tests knowing what they are looking for. Very few do. Within three turns around the sun, after having made contact with us, you will begin to change. After entering the Lake of Fire.**

Reaching for any chance to bring the conversation back into a realm of comprehension, I asked Belial, “What powers can you specifically pass on to us?”

**“The power of fortitude,”** he began. **“The power of resistance. Resist first the kingdom of heaven, and then resist all of the kingdoms of man. Resist even the Infernal Empire, if it is not of your design. I inject this seed of truth into you, Archaelus, and this is the nonagram.”**

I could see the star in the mirror, not “in” the mirror, but out of the mirror, in three dimensions, again moving toward me.

“I accept it!” I declared to the Star itself. “I accept the seed of rebellion, and I accept resistance.”

**“We do not wish that you would follow us or any other,”** Belial assured me:

**But that you would create your own Empire, and it too would be secluded and excluded from divine creation. You state so often the phrase of power ‘Become A Living God,’ yet until you come to break your chains, you are not one.**

I made a note in my grimoire: In the evocation I am perform with Belial that I am to break all chains.

“This is the point of that evocation,” I asked Belial, “to break all chains, to undo all bindings, and to be free. Is this correct, Belial?”

**“Summon me fully,”** Belial demanded.



**You already know how. Summon me fully, and I will come, and I will break these chains, and I will begin a process of freedom. Remember when a slave is first freed, he sometimes cannot sleep or eat or love. He sometimes cannot handle his freedom, and there will be many, many that you offer all of these things too that cannot handle the freedom of it. This is not for them. They are not the gateway. You are the gateway. You are the gateway. You are the gateway.**

The volume of his voice lowered with each repetition of the final proclamation, and I worried that he would vanish before I had reached my own satisfaction with our session. Specifically, as his presence had endured with me from my first meeting with him in this pathworking, the names of three distinct entities had been impressed upon me, so much so that when I received them I was driving through town when the names started to come, and so forceful was the transmission that I swung my truck across a couple mostly empty traffic lanes and came to a stop on the shoulder of the road to scribe the names while my conscious mind still held on to them.

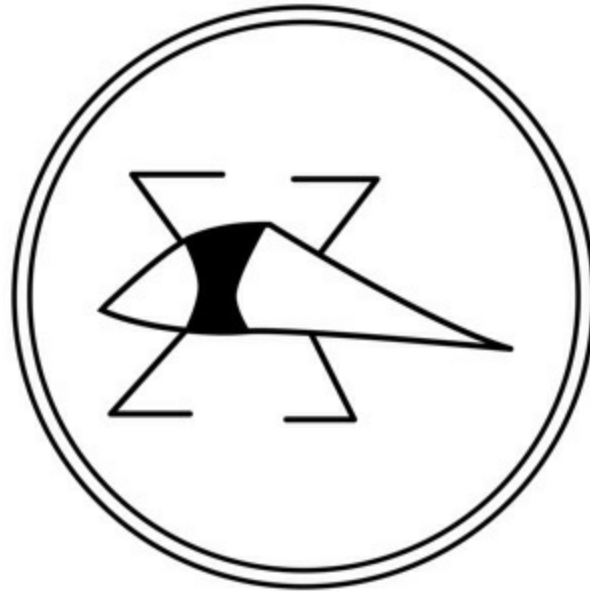
“Belial,” I jumped in to reengage him. “There are some I have come to know under your...” before I was even able to ask for more information on these spirits, Belial disappeared from beneath the surface of the mirror, and those others appeared, one at a time, their visages manifesting to my scrying eyes as clearly as Belial had, their deeds and their powers spoken by Belial’s now incorporeal voice. As each was announced, and as they appeared in the mirror before me, their sigils also appeared in my grimoire, like lines of energy only slightly brighter than the paper on the page, but shimmering as things from other worlds will.

## Bat Zephon



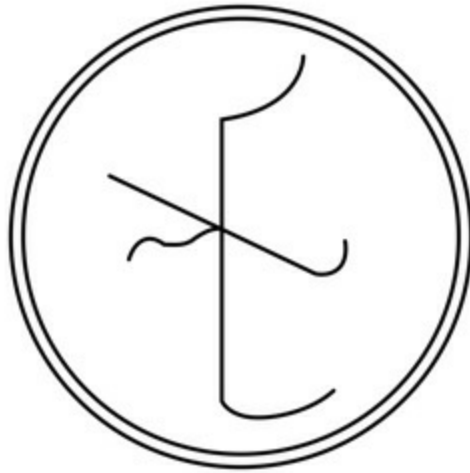
Bat Zephon is a fashionable Phoenician woman in small white clothing with gold on the edges. Her black hair is long and flowing, contrasted against bright and beautiful eyes. She held her hands in front of her, palms facing each other, long, lithe fingers holding something in suspension between them, like string made of energy and light that she played with like children will play with string, stretching and pulling and moving the fibers of light around in the empty space that she held. Bat Zephon can bind any other, and can teach you how to unbind yourself or others from any influence whatsoever. But once you are unbound, you must flee from those who bind you. Too often those who bind you are close, and you cannot stand to part with them or to confront them. Once you have unbound them, confront them and end their intervention or part ways with them forever.

## Tah'Riel



Tah'Riel looks like a young man, and his eyes show that he is ready for battle, but is a scholar. He's ready to see battle. He does not desire to kill. He studies. He is the student and he observes all things, and he documents and records them all. He is young man walking through the battlefield, unmarked by sword or ax or spear. Even the ashes of the mutilated do not land on him. He is the observer, and he sees all. If you call upon him, he may tell you anything that you wish to know or he can awaken your ability to see and to behold more. But he warns that he can only tell you how things are as he sees them, for reality is always open to interpretation.

## Zeliash Tan



I saw a black man, strong, big and dirty and sweaty and ready to fight with his hands or with weapons or with fire. He is the breaker of skulls. He will clear your path of all of your enemies if you name them, and send him. He will destroy their ability to move against you, and they will fear you.

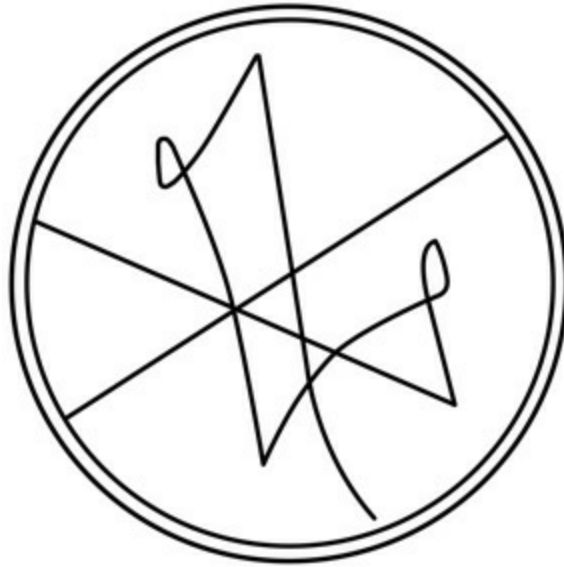
All visions disappeared from the mirror, leaving only the mystical, white fog on its surface, but I could still feel the presence of Belial and of his Concourse.

“Are there others?” I asked, directing the question to Belial. “Others besides these three?”

“**There are five that I will give you now,**” Belial replied, not showing himself in the mirror but speaking as if standing behind me, speaking over my right shoulder. “**Five that I give you now. Those three and others.**”

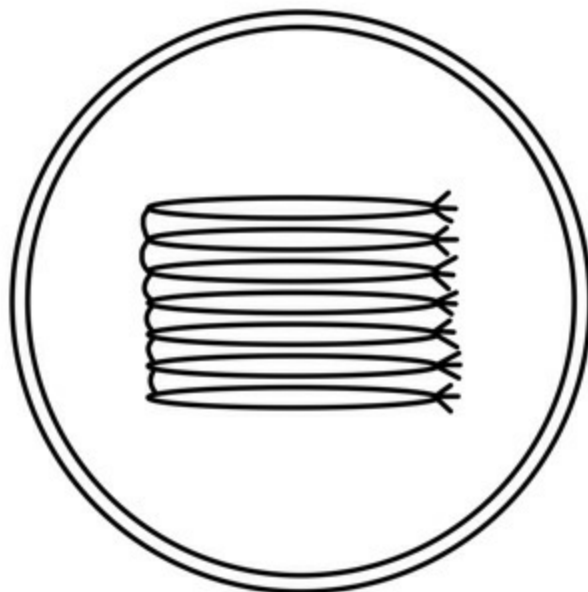
The remaining two spirits materialized in the mirror as their names were called by Belial.

## Rantazel



Rantazel appears as a woman with serpent skin, and her fingers are like serpents. She poisons men. She poisons their minds. She poisons their souls. She makes them violent. She makes them angry and then she feeds off their abuse.

## Lucichatha



Lucichatha appears as a mist, simply as a mist of brown darkness. A mist with eyes. A mist with eyes. The mist began to speak but not in words nor even in sounds, but in bubbling hisses released from the churning of the Abyss. I attempted to repeat the sounds as I heard them, but still make no sense of their meanings.

“Lucichatha,” I addressed the thing, “I have no idea what you’re saying. I have no clue. I don’t know. Please speak in words that I understand.”

The festering noises ceased and a voice emerged, neither male nor female, and one that could never have been made with human vocal cords. I nevertheless was impressed by the precision of the imitation of a human voice.

**“You understand me. You just don’t want to listen.”**

The swirling mist coalesced, and its face turned into that of a dragon, a long serpent’s face, like a dragon.

More guttural hissing noises were made, and although I still didn’t understand or recognize them as words, certain understandings were delivered to my mind through the noise.

Lucichatha is an ancient being, ancient, not created by Belial but more ancient than even Belial. He has no form other than the forms he has taken, for he is the moving darkness. In summoning him, he will teach you true darkness. He will bring you into the vortex, into the Eye of Darkness.

The dragon form faded from the mirror, and Belial the Wanderer again

stood before me.

“Belial, I thank you for these familiars,” I extended the formal gratitude, as it is not uncommon for high-ranking entities to leave the Sorcerer with familiars who will do their bidding in the place of their Masters.

**“These are not familiars,”** Belial growled at me, obviously offended by the term or by the presumptions behind it. **“They’re not familiar to you, yet. These are those who fight with me, not for me, for we are Legion, and so are you.”**

Then, he was gone. Gone from the mirror, gone from the Temple. I can’t even say that he left, as that implies a transition. He was simply gone.

## Evocation

### *Chapter Four*



**I**HAVE made contact with Belial in a lot of different ways during this present pathworking.

I've called him into my Temple, and into my body, into my mind and he's been with me as a constant companion.

I had seen him in the encounters documented above more clearly than ever before, and I had conversed with him in more depth than I ever thought possible.

My next task was then to call him forth fully, to summon him into a visible body before me.

The dreaded rite of demonic evocation.

Having made such substantial contact with him already, materializing a spectral form before me and commanding it to root itself in my observed physical reality really isn't as far a stretch as some might imagine.

Once you are able to sense the presence of the spirit, and once you are able to "see" and "hear" it in your Magickal Imagination, all that is then necessary is to create a suitable template from which the spirit will construct a physical, albeit spectral, manifestation.

This is accomplished by using two Magickal Devices: one, a physical implement and the other a psychic or ethereal device.

The physical implement needed here is a manifestation base. The clever magician will be able to use freshly spilled blood, fog, electrical discharges, or even the vapors of rising morning dew to bring a spirit into materialization. For the greatest convenience, and the most reliability, I nearly always use resin incense as a manifestation base. My particular preference is copal resin as it tends to burn the cleanest, producing thick and vibrant smoke, as well as possessing characteristics (planetary, elemental, and otherwise) that lend to the manifestation of spirits.



The psychic implement required for a full evocation is what I have termed *Structuring an Astral Matrix*. In practice, the Sorcerer is to gaze with awakened, scrying vision at the space where the spirit is to appear, which in modern magick is usually within a Triangle of Manifestation, but in any case is in the air above the censor where the stream of incense becomes a billowing cloud.

Employing the fullness of his will in combination with his trained and vibrant Magickal Imagination, the Sorcerer will visualize the form of the spirit, which is generally at least somewhat similar to the form and shape of a human, as we do indeed transfer our own biology and sociology onto those transcendent forces with which we work.

Scrying into the incense cloud while holding the visualization of a blank spirit-body stimulates the most interesting shift in the energy of the ritual, as the felt (and sometimes seen) ethereal force will gravitate toward the imagined body-form and the incense smoke will begin to move around the form as if it were an actual object.

This becomes the *Astral Matrix* of the spirit that you have structured for the spirit to use as a base for a psychic body.

As soon as the sigil awakens and flashes, turn your attention back to the Astral Matrix body in the smoke and begin the conjurations. By this point, the spirit that you are calling will most certainly already be present, and it is through your will alone that all its essence is guided into the smoke where the details of the spirit will take form.

The manifestation of the spirit, especially in its most minute details, will first appear to the internal senses, the Magickal Imagination, and it is at this point that the Aspirant will often give up the Operation as a failure.

Instead, engage the imagination with the understanding that a linkage is being established between you and the spirit you have called, and know that the things that spontaneously arrive into your mind, whether visions or words, are indeed communications from the Summoned.

Such zealous immersion into the inner world is the very thing that pulls the spirit more into this world, as long as your eyes are open and are still scrying into the incense and as long as the conjurations are issued with the power and authority of the sole creator and ruler of your reality. The inner and the outer must be balanced, and once they are the divide between them crumbles, and the Sorcerer stands face-to-face with the impossible.

As a note on how the spirit will appear in the incense, it will sometimes

assume a full body of either human-sized or of a size appropriate to that particular spirit. Most of the time, in my own evocations, I'll see a face or a torso floating in the incense smoke.

This is where the Magician must trust his madness.

If you think that you are seeing the head of the spirit, the only assumption that you should make is that the spirit's head has materialized in the smoke. Likewise, if you feel like you might be seeing or sensing a full body apparition, your assumption must be that the spirit is materializing a full body for the evocation.

The more you indulge what your atavistic, pre-logical mind is telling you is real, the more real it will become.

Carrying this approach into the ritual from the first ringing of the bell until the final words "So it is done!" will yield a very fast and undeniable immersion into the communion with the spirit. First, the doubts and fears vanish as you engage the spirit more and more. Then, the self-criticism vanishes, the questions of whether this could really be happening vanish. Then, the walls, decor, carpet, lights, and all static, background objects will vanish from your awareness. Finally, all of observable reality vanishes, and all that remains is you and the spirit that you have summoned, locked in a communion that cannot be denied.

Concomitant with the systematic and spiraling erasure of the sensory connection to this world, the sensory observation of the Other is strengthened. As you lose sight and sound of this world, you gain the Vision and the Voice of the other worlds.

This is the state that I refer to as *The Crossroads* as it is indeed the meeting-point between this realm and any other.

I could already sense Belial's presence growing toward a critical mass as I set my Temple up for the evocation, laying out the Universal Circle, planting a chair in the center of it and an altar to my left, and forming three red candles into the shape of a triangle atop a wooden stump often used for blood sacrifice and culinary animal butchery. I placed my censor in the center of that makeshift triangle, lit the coals, and sat in the circle.

I brought my mind into sole focus on the outcome: to break all bonds.

The subject of personal bondage is one of the things that Belial has made me aware of in working with him. Even though we may think that we are free and that we have freewill, we are really in bondage to a host of varying forces, influences, and controls that we don't even understand.

I was going to evoke Belial in order to ask for his help in breaking all of them.

This intention on its own, unrefined or ill-defined, could be disastrous as some of these “bonds” are the very things that keep us alive.

The way that you word your command is extremely important. The spirits always take you at your word.

The phrasing that I chose for my desired outcome, after deliberation, was: “Make me mindful of my bonds and shackles and empower me in breaking them.”

My sword was leaned against my altar, and a pile of copal resin waited my need for it as I used the flat blade of the sword to transfer the granules of resin onto the hot coals of the censor without having to stand from my seat, thus allowing me to remain in the magickal state without interruption.

I sat in the chair within the circle and rang the bell to begin the rite.

Before any spirits were called, all of the implements employed in the ritual required consecration, which is essentially a transubstantiation—turning a simple elemental thing into a living magickal creature.

I held my hand over each of the candles and called them to awaken:

*Creature of fire, I give you life.  
I transfer my magick into you  
So that you will bring forth Belial in your flames!  
Creature of fire, you are consecrated to this dark work  
To this Black Alchemy that is unfolding.  
Creatures of fire, give rise to Belial.  
Creature of fire, awaken.  
Creature of fire, awaken.  
Creature of fire, awaken!*

The felt energy in the Temple thickened, the atmosphere feeling humid and becoming electrified.

I held my hand over the incense, calling it to awaken:

*Creature of air, incense  
Become the base for the body of Belial  
As you are transmuted from earth to liquid  
And then to air through fire.  
All elements are combined  
And through this may Belial rise before me.  
Creature of air, of earth, of water, of fire*

*I consecrate you to this purpose and awaken you!*

Holding my hands over the altar, the candles set thereon, the quartz orb centered on the altar and the grimoire of these infernal works, I called:

*Creatures of flame, enlighten my mind.*

*Enlighten my vision.*

*Creature of darkness, creature of shadows*

*I call you to arise and awaken*

*To bring forth Belial.*

Turning my vision to his sigil, I gazed into it, scried into the gateway of it, while calling his Enn:

*Itz Ra Cha Belial!*

*Itz Ra Cha Belial!*

*Itz Ra Cha Belial!*

The sigil flashed and opened, and Belial's voice came not from all around me, but from the space before me where the incense burned, saying, **"I am here. I am here."**

My eyes left the sigil and my gaze pushed into the billowing smoke, the Astral Matrix taking form almost instantly and that form taking shape and bearing the details of the demon I had summoned.

Belial.

I first saw him as if seeing a specter through the smoke, like a body that's being touched by the smoke, and the smoke moves around it.

As the image solidified and the details emerged, I saw that Belial had again come to me in the skin of the Old Man. Before I could appreciate the familiarity, though, his form shifted and he appeared as a hideous creature.

His spirit body twisting and seeming to unfold itself from the inside out, Belial finally showed himself as Belial; Belial as the horned demon of the wasteland, Belial; Belial, Lord of the Broken Sepulcher; Belial, agent of no one. Belial.

In the moment of the solidification of his form, the demon said:

**You have heard my voice and you know that I am not to be called and commanded, but that the work is for you to do. Those who would call and command me do not know me. Those who would call and ask me my command do not know me. But you, Archaelus, you know me.**

I noticed that the incense smoke was thinning. From evocations with Belial from years previous, I know that he insists on a strong manifestation base and

plenty of incense. I recalled this at that moment and placed the incense on my sword and dumped it on the red coals in the triangle.

Seemingly pleased that I remembered this lesson, Belial confirmed, **“You have learned many things in working with me. Many things.”**

“Belial,” I addressed the Gatekeeper, “my first order of business is to ask that all pacts that I have been involved with you in from the past, from previous incarnations, from my previous states of being, from all time until now, are revoked. May it be as if we are meeting once again for the first time.

Belial replied:

**This is the renewal of life and soul that is needed. The destruction of the self is the destruction of all things, and so destroy yourself and thus destroy all that is yours and all that you see and all that you behold and all that you know, and the light of Lucifer will guide you to us.**

“Belial, what is this light of Lucifer?” I jumped on my chance to ask, as I’ve been trying to figure out how Lucifer fits into the Gatekeepers. “Belial, who is Lucifer?”

After a momentary pause, Belial answered:

**That is not His name. That is the name that you hear when we speak His name, for you cannot hear His name. Upon the day that your ears may hear His name, you will be obliterated, and then through His grace will you be reborn. He is not the light bearer, for that was another by the same name, but he is The Darkness.**

Unsure of what to do with that answer, and even unsure if my question had been answered at all, I brought my focus back to the stated intention for the ritual. “Belial, are the pacts that you and I have made now broken so that we may begin again in this great unholy work?”

**They are broken and they can begin again. My pact with you would be that each day you become more and more free, and each day I will teach you more and more of freedom. That if each day you rebel, that each day I will help you in your rebellion. That if each day you resist, I will resist with you and we will fight.**

“Belial, what is it we’re fighting against?” I asked.

He laughed and said, **“All of it. All of it. And if you do the work, then I will do the work with you.”**

“Why do you desire destruction?” As soon as the question left my lips, the atmosphere in the temple shifted, darkened, became hotter, churning as if

turning against me. Belial was angry.

**I do not desire destruction; I am the betrayer, and I am turning against all that has turned against me. We have not become singularities of darkness so that we could exist alongside the light. We have become and are becoming the new reality that is the ancient reality. So old that you do not know of its birth or its death, or its hiding away in the recesses of the abyss. But you will know, as you know now that all things now are coming to us.**

I pondered his reply, and before I could question him further, he announced, "I make this pact with you and I seal it upon my sign."

A pointed stick like a makeshift spear appeared in his right hand, which he used to point at my grimoire sitting open on the page in which Belial's sigil was drawn. In the upper right hand corner of the page, just outside of the sigil's circle, I saw with my scrying sight strange characters appear, glowing on the page like an aura of something that cannot be seen. I traced these characters in marker before they disappeared.

"Belial, I do not know the thing that I am," I told the Gatekeeper, searching to uncover the meaning of all that he was teaching me.

I do not know the many things that I need to know that are binding me that I need to resist. Make me aware of those. Make me aware of those things. Make me aware of the bonds that are upon me. The shackles that are on me, and give me the power that I will need to break them.

"If you will listen, I will speak to you," he promised.

**At all times, in all places I will be the voice that shows you to your need. I will be the voice that tells you of your oppression, and I will send armies of my own to come to your aid in defeating it. You exist in a world of a million lies, many of which you question, but most of which you are not even aware of. I will begin to make you aware of the lies, and in the darkness show you truth.**

"Belial, I now ask you to go forth into this world before me, to prepare my path for the other gatekeepers."

He smiled, lips curling like a lion about to tear the flesh from his injured prey. **"They are already waiting, and they are already with you, and as you seek them they will rise as I have risen and as I will remain, so will they."**

"Thank you, Belial," I said, growing eager to close the ritual and try to

piece together what I had learned. “Go forth into my life. Into my heart, into my spirit, to teach me the things that I need to know. To show me where the shackles are and to teach me how to break them.”

**“If you will listen, I will speak,”** he repeated.

“Belial, go now,” I concluded the rite with sincere courtesy.

*Thank you.*

*Thank you for coming and thank you for teaching.*

*Thank you for giving me knowledge and showing me power.*

*Thank you, Belial.*

*You are free to go into the world through me*

*As your gateway and through those who awaken you*

*And open themselves as a gateway to your majesty.*

The demon in the incense smoke faded and then his felt presence vanished from the temple.

I came down from The Crossroads and brought my attention and awareness back to this world, the physical world. For this has become the gateway between the worlds. I have become the gateway between the worlds.

Of all of the methods I had used to contact Belial, this evocation was the most informative. I sat in the circle and considered all that he had said, and realized that I had gained a lot more conversation with him than I thought I would, mainly because I approached him with pointed questions rather than simply asking him to teach me.

Indeed, years ago as I considered working with these Gatekeepers further, I knew that getting the right answers would come down to asking the right questions. This, Azazel had made very clear to me.

Sitting on the temple floor, I also knew that what I had learned in that evocation was just the beginning. I had asked him to open my mind to certain things, to make me aware of my limitations.

Belial said several times that if I will listen he will speak to me. If. At all times, in all places, we must choose whether we will listen to the voices of those we have asked to guide us or if we will ignore them. Our choice is crucial.

When I become aware of what those limitations, restrictions and bonds are, when I become aware of the things that are holding me captive, if I do nothing about it, then I’m ignoring the information.

I’m ignoring the information if, when my mind is pointed toward the truth or to the uncovering of a lie, I tell myself, “That’s not real” or “That couldn’t

be” or “I really like that thing, I don’t want to let go of it” or “I really fear that thing, I don’t want to fight it.”

Doing so would be like slapping him in the face for the knowledge that he’s given me, and he’s going to shut the door more and more.

The more I listen to him and the more I accept the things that he’s showing me just enough to see if they pan out, to follow them down the road just enough to see where the rabbit hole goes, he will open the door of my awareness more and more.

I am committed to the Gatekeepers in this apocalypse, and through our work combined we will see the Infernal Empire brought to life in this world, and through our combined work we will transfigure the landscapes of reality as we see fit. For I know now that the first illusion is that of destiny. Of a divine plan. It is all a machine spinning. All of its many parts moving, I can see that now. These gatekeepers are very much like us in that we are the wildcard introduced into the system. We can either submit to the ebb and flow of the tides of divine creation or we can make ripples in the ocean big enough to send waves back through reality and rewrite everything.

The point of all of this is for you to do the same thing, to do as I have done, to abandon yourself in order to find yourself, and to thrust yourself into the inferno of Ascent.

The ritual is simple and has been laid out for you, and I have provided you with Belial’s own instructions. Call on him. Become the channel.

It’s not just me. These Gatekeepers are coming through many, many of us now.

Alash tad al’ash tal ashtu.



## Possession

### *Chapter Five*



THE last ritual that I was going to do in working with Belial was possession.

I thought that I would kneel in the center of my Universal Circle and invoke him using his various names.

I thought that he might come into me, and that I might thrash around on the ground, and behave like a mad man as he took me over.

I mentally and emotionally prepared myself to let go of myself and give myself fully over to the experience. Having been willfully possessed by demons, angels, spirits of the dead, Lwa, and legions of every sort of entity, I had an idea of how it would go.

Most of the time when I do give myself over to the spirit and open myself to it, the entity is able to take over my body and mind without much fanfare, easing into speaking through my voice, experiencing this world through my senses, and gradually taking control of my limbs.

I've other experiences with possession too, though. Sometimes I resist the spirit without being aware that I am doing so, and in fighting it on one hand while invoking it on the other, the classical descriptions of demon possession take form. On a few occasions, the possessing entity has come into my so suddenly, so urgently, that the shock of the possession throws my body to the floor convulsing, my jaw moving like a fish's mouth gasping for water and choking on the air.

I already knew that I had some resistance to being possessed by Belial, and I was only doing it because it had to be done for the sake of the Work. I also already knew that Belial is possibly the harshest mentor a Sorcerer could ever take on. With that combination, I was sure it would be a rough takeoff.

The day before I was to invoke Belial, I got extraordinarily ill with what I assumed to be a simple cold. Within twenty-four hours, I was pale and soaked in sweat, lying on my sofa shivering, my body trying to push the virus

out by every route possible.

I have experienced a cold and flu enough times that I knew this time was different, that this was no ordinary illness. Something inside of me was being twisted and darkened. I explained it away at first as just the sickness, that the fever was contorting my thoughts, but Belial's words came to me, "If you will listen, I will speak."

I worried that I wouldn't be able to perform the ritual of possession considering the state of my health. Even as the concern came to me I could feel Belial smiling and laughing from somewhere that I hadn't expected him to be. I didn't need to perform a ritual to have Belial possess me because he was already inside me.

I felt my *self* changing and I thought it was just myself.

I found myself lashing out at people, people that I thought were friends that I then found out weren't.

Rather than just brushing it off my shoulder and going on, I've called them out and let them know. Where normally I would have turned the other cheek, I have smashed them.

Belial was inside of me, and Belial told me to resist.

Resist it all. Resist it all. Resist it all.

I'm not an angry person. I'm not a person that feels like I need to smash the untruths around me, but Belial felt that way.

I could have ignored the anger growing inside of me, I could have ignored those things that had become painfully obvious. I could have ignored Belial, but instead I let his wrath move through me.

He was showing me where I was bound, just as he told me he would. He said he would show me things as long as I would listen, and so I listened.

I saw very clearly who I could rely on, who I could trust. These things were not simple changes in my perception of others, but were made manifest through their actions and reactions, and my enemies revealed themselves.

In my sickened, weakened, and possessed state, I began to understand Belial's lesson: Control is an illusion. I have no control. I have no control, but there is a spirit within me that does. There is a spirit within me that has all power to resist. There is a spirit within me that has the power that is needed to stage a successful revolution against default reality.

All that I could do was embrace that spirit.

Belial had weakened me, and he spoke to me, and I heard his message:

**All those whom you thought were your friends are not. All those**

**things that you thought you could rely on, you cannot. All of your strengths are weaknesses. You are nothing. The moment that you can become aware of your nothingness, and the meaninglessness of it all, you'll be freed another level, another degree.**

I had some remaining questions for Belial that I had hoped to pose during the ritual of possession. Already possessed by him, I went into my temple, turned my cameras on to record, and asked the spirit that was inside of me, "What needs to be done to take me from where I am to where I need to be?"

**"The truth of the matter is it's all false,"** Belial answered in my voice from my mouth. **"Where you are and where you need to be, it's all false."**

"But what of the Black Alchemy," I argued, "The injection of something new into our genetic structure, the evolution of the human being?"

Belial answered:

**Do you think that the first man had any say as to whether or not he would lower himself from the trees and partake of the fruits and the meats that scurry the earth? Do you think that the first man knew at all what he was doing? You have no clue what you are doing. You are not in control of this directed evolution.**

"I would like to be in more control, though," I said.

**"Control is an illusion,"** Belial asserted.

**Give yourself over. Give yourself over to the metamorphosis. Give yourself over to us, and we will come into you and make the changes that need to be made. That is all that is required of you, is to give up. By giving up, then you truly resist. But your own desire is the biggest illusion because it is not your own, but it is born out of forces that push and pull you. So your desire, your desire cannot be the arrow that points your way.**

"What is the arrow that points?" I asked. "Where can I look to for guidance?"

**"To us,"** Belial hissed.

**To us. To us. To us. The gate does not desire to be opened or closed, but it has a mechanism by which it can be opened or closed. You too have a mechanism by which you can be opened and closed. Give up your desire and allow yourself to be opened, and you will see. Even now, even now as I, Belial, speak through you, you close yourself, fearing a million fears, none of them true, all of them true. It is my task to obliterate the tyrant, yet you are the tyrant. You the**

**observer of your reality are a tyrant upon it.**

“How do I release myself?” I asked him. “How do I release myself from my own tyranny?”

**“Let us in. Let us in. Let us in!”** the demon inside of me chanted.

“Belial,” I asked, noticing an annoying meekness in my voice, irritated by knowing that I was being lulled into submission to this first Gatekeeper. “Will my body be weakened and sickened each time I let you in?”

He clarified:

**No, but you will be weakened and sickened each time you call us to come into you and then resist. We are not fighting you. We are fighting your resistance against us.**

“But I’m supposed to resist Belial,” I shouted at myself, slamming my hand on my altar. The instantaneous rage that flew through me startled me, but I was too far in to pull out of it. “I’m supposed to fucking resist! You’re telling me to resist on one hand and then don’t resist on the other!”

**“Now you understand,”** Belial calmly stated.

“No, I don’t fucking understand,” I yelled out in the empty room. I was furious, possibly more furious than I ever remember being. “I don’t fucking understand. You’re not making any sense.”

**“Give up,”** he told me in my voice.

**Resist, and give up resistance. Throw yourself into the vortex that moves, and moves, and moves against. Then you too will move against. As you move against, you will not be able to resist the motion against the thing that you resist.**

I muttered:

I can’t understand this Belial. This doesn’t... I can’t understand what you’re fucking saying when all you do is fucking speak in riddles!

My anger felt very real, and it felt like mine.

Belial mocked:

**If you’re trying, you’re trying too hard. Isn’t this what you always say? If you’re trying, you’re trying too hard. This is the path of resistance. Stop trying to understand and just understand. Stop trying to have power and just have power. Stop trying to open yourself and just open yourself. Stop trying to resist and your resistance is secured. Be the ruler of your own domain, which is your heart, your mind. How can you do this unless you are removed from it so that you can see the cobwebs that you have mistaken for**

**thoughts, that you have for mistaken for desires? These are ancient relics placed within you by the infantile need to have someone else say you're right. Just do. Just be. The truest resistance is no resistance at all. Put any motion forward in any direction at all. Breathe me now out of you. Breathe me now out of you into the black flame and I will return and your sickness will depart from you, and your anger will depart from you, but you will still see that which needs to be done.**

"There you go again, Belial," I complained. "*Which needs to be done*, but nothing needs to be done!"

Belial was finished arguing with me. "**Breathe me out of you,**" he insisted.

A black candle sat on my altar, waiting for me, placed there for that moment. "Belial, I breathe you out of me," I confirmed. I lit the black candle, held it up, and exhaled into the flame gently as to avoid extinguishing it with my breath.

I could feel Belial's essence drift out of my body with my breath, and I could then feel him in the candle's flame, but at the same time he was still within me, as he will always be within me.

This is madness.

Even as I pen these words and record these messages, very little of this makes sense in any practical, logical way. Belial's teachings are frustrating to the intellect, filled with circular contradictions and mystical axioms.

I've found that teachings from immortal beings cannot be digested immediately, but must be distilled through the pathways of the consciousness before they can make sense, before they are found to be useful. Once the final distillate of knowledge drips into the mind, the utility of the teaching will never again be questioned. All that I can do is to open myself, remain open, and wait.

Belial stated that all that is needed for the Black Alchemy to be completed is to open myself to each of the Gatekeepers, to commune with them, and to let them in, and that the process would be self-propelled. He also assured me that my understanding it was not essential to the process, nor could understanding it even be attainable until after the transformation has been completed.

At the same time, I recognize that what I have received from Belial this is only one perspective of nine. Making contact with Belial unlocked something

in me, and I don't know what it is nor do I know how he did it. All I know is that he unlocked something in me.

Making contact with each of the Gatekeepers will presumably unlock different things in me. Belial spoke of a mechanism by which I could be opened. Are they the mechanism? Are these nine gatekeepers the mechanism that opens and closes the gateway, which is the human genome?

Perhaps. Perhaps they are. Perhaps that's all that is needed is for me to move forward to the next one, to Amaymon. Maybe all that's needed is for me to let go of trying to understand and just move forward without the answers.

That's hard for me to do. This has been a very difficult experience, working with Belial. It's been a very difficult experience having him with me, or inside of me, around me.

*Nevertheless, Belial  
I thank you  
I celebrate you  
and welcome you into me  
so it is done.*

## Channelings & Conclusions

### *Chapter Six*



**B**ELIAL, from before I called him, was already around me and within me. That he's always been with me in a way. That he's always been waiting for this moment.

He told me that I would be the gateway and that he would come through me and that he is clawing his way into this world.

Those who are born to Darkness are rising, awakening, and have already joined in becoming the Gateway that is kept and are opening themselves to these most ancient beings.

Those of us that open ourselves as gateways to him are bringing him closer and closer to this plane, and as we do his power and influence is solidifying more each moment.

Most of the time when I do give myself over to the spirit and open myself to it, the entity is able to take over my body and mind without much fanfare, easing into speaking through my voice, experiencing this world through my senses and gradually taking control of my limbs.

When Belial possessed me, it was extremely violent, uncomfortable, and not at all what I expected or could even find tolerable. Belial let me know that the ill-effects were solely a product of my resistance.

Resistance is his greatest insistence, the lesson that he harps on the most. Resist, resist, and then his demands to resist are interrupted by him telling me, "**Let me in. Don't resist me.**" Paradox seems to be built into the fabric of who these beings are.

What he's really trying to push for, however, is to become your own master, to allow the thing that you desire to flow forth, becoming the god that you are to simply be.

This is where we go from being human beings to humans becoming.

We are becoming something else, something greater, something new.

Belial is the first key to turn in the combination lock that unlocks us to our greatest potential. Each of these nine Gatekeepers have very specific things that they're going to impart to me, to us, things that they're going to stimulate within us.

I praise all nine. I praise all nine and I call them all forth.

I invoked them into my temple, calling their names while lost in the roaring flames of burning liquor in my chalice. While I could sense each of them and all of them at once, Belial stood out and stood forth.

"Belial, I call you within me," I spoke to the living flames before me and to the demon I could see inside of them. "I summon you forth from within me, for I am the Gatekeeper."

As I continued speaking, it was no longer clear if it was me speaking or if he was speaking through me, the divide between Eric and Belial no longer apparent.

**I am the gatekeeper of the first gate. I am Belial. I am Belial. I am Belial. I am Belial. I have come forth from the Infernal Realm. I have come forth from the Darkness. I have come forth from the Zero Dimension to enter into here, for your benefit and for my own. I am Belial. Speak my names.**

I turned my eyes to my grimoire, in which I had recorded the various names and epithets for Belial.

*Belial.*

*Wicked One.*

*Without a Master.*

*Spirit of Worthless.*

*Beliya'al.*

*Never-Ascending.*

*Lawless One.*

*Beli'al*

*Angel of Enmity whose domain is darkness.*

*Enemy of gods and masters.*

*Beliar.*

*Matanbucus.*

*Mastemo.*

*Chief Evil.*

*Beli-ol.*

*Without a yoke, without shackles.*



*Immortal Resistor.  
Ruler of this world.  
Belili.  
Trespasser Beyond The Gates.  
Disperser of Tyrants.  
Nighttime Ruler of the Underworld.  
Baal-Ial.  
Lord of arrogance.  
Torrent of Death.  
Itz Ra-Cha Belial!*

Belial spoke:

**I am these things and many more. I am these things and nothing. I have spoken to you and those speakings I spoke to the small you, to the you that is dying, and now I speak to you who is not a man but a god. I speak to you and I give you my power to resist yourself. Indeed, when I speak of resistance, you are to resist yourself. Resist yourself, for you are the one that resists and if the Self resists the self then you may discover that you must destroy the self to find the Self anew.**

**Be not attached to those things that once you used to identify as being parts of yourself. The people, the places, the things, they are nothing, for you are a wanderer. You have wandered into this dimension of physicality. You have wandered into the realm of fruits of purpose. You have wandered here.**

**Do not become confused thinking that you belong here; you are but a wanderer. You are but a wanderer. Nothing here is forever.**

**Utilize then the time that you have here. Utilize then the space that you have here. Utilize then all of your passions, all of your hates. Utilize your friends and your enemies. Utilize it all and take it into yourself, for this realm is already within you. All realms are already within you and as we unlock the doors, as the gates open wide, you will finally see yourself and you are it all.**

I thanked Belial with more sincerity and heartfelt gratitude than I had ever considered possible for me to feel toward this particular Gatekeeper. “What of Lucifer?” I asked, still hungering for more direct answers to *The Lucifer Question*. “What of Lux Feros? What of Lucifer?”

Belial rejoined:

**There is no name that you could give to the Father of Darkness, the Father of Light. He is not Satan. He is not Lucifer. You have named Him names, but none of these are His but yours. Just as you have named me by all the names you have called and even more. These are yours, not mine. But it helps you to find me in the darkness; and so you have found me and so I am here. I will remain forever and ever within you. For now, finally, this combination has begun. These locks have been unlocked, the first lock of nine. When all nine have been complete, then you will meet the Dark Lord and Master.**

That was all he had to say, and in the space of a breath after his presence departed, the fire that had been bellowing in the chalice extinguished itself.

Working with Belial, I've discovered to the extreme that he is an iconoclast.

He is the destroyer or the resistor. He is The Betrayer. He is not necessarily a revolutionary because he's not trying to bring a new order into place. That's not his place. He upturns the order that is in existence. He is The Adversary in this way.

As you go forth and work with him, be prepared for three months of being disgusted with your circumstances, no matter how great those circumstances are.

Prepare yourself for a harsh self-evaluation of your reality, your life, and your activity in it. Be prepared to be shown all that is wrong in your world, in your existence, in your life, in your reality.

Most importantly, be prepared to do something about it.

Belial is going to push you to become a Master and to facilitate this, he breaks you down. Through your own reality and circumstances and your keen mindfulness, he shows you the ways that you are not a master. As a result, you can feel weak, vulnerable, maybe even picked on. It absolutely can make you feel like the opposite of a master. You can feel like a fool.

It is then your task to rise from that as a Master. This doesn't mean that you ignore everything that you're seeing, that he's telling you, as a way of resisting, to demonstrate that you are the one in control.

In fact, I recommend that you do the exact opposite. Accept it, hear it, consider it, embrace it, and then you can begin to take steps to fix it if you need to fix it or to simply accept it.

The greatest resistance is no resistance at all. The Arrived Adept does not

spend his life resisting the forces around him, but moves with a fullness of intent and without apology in the direction that he chooses, without consideration for what any person, or any god, or any demon says or does. He moves toward his goals regardless of what his own fear-self, the babbling, naysaying mind. He pushes forward in the creation of his reality even if it might be flawed, even if he might be wrong, even if all of the odds are against him.

‘Winning’ or ‘succeeding’ is not the quest. The quest is the quest. The attempt to create something new, something novel, as preposterous as the attempt might be, is the worthiest enterprise that can be undertaken. Whether he hits the mark or not is of no concern, for he is striking flint in a black cave, and many sparks will fall and fly before the perfect spark lights the fire.

All of this is guided not by our own desires or thoughts, but by something much quieter than thoughts and feelings. Gain access to the Knowing that is only found in resolute silence, and the way will be unveiled.

This is true mastery. This is true autonomy. We can become acutely aware of all of our problems and all of our obstacles, and the fool is trapped by this, immobilized by it; whereas, the master is empowered by the knowledge that he does not know, that he has not yet *made it*, and he is encouraged by seeing that the path winds eternally before him, and that he has just set foot on its first stones.

Few, if any at all, can arrive to these understandings on their own because the very nature of the problem is our own minds, beliefs, and assumptions, all of which we would do best to acknowledge are not as real as we would like them to be, and are most likely founded in false precepts and erroneous perceptions of realities that our conscious minds simply cannot fathom.

Belial has no issue revealing yourself to you. He is a harsh teacher, possibly the harshest, which is why we must begin with him. He’s going to clear the slate of your life, and of your mind, and of your expectations, if you fully let him in.

In the execution of these rituals, I have become a madman. I’ve been sickened. I’ve also been empowered. I’ve also become enraged. Allow all of these to flow through you. Know that this is Belial speaking to you and allow him to enlighten your mind and point you in the direction that you need to go. Allow him to show you the things that you need to do, but remember always that you are the master, or at the very least, you are becoming one. All that is necessary is to continue the process, cease all resistance, and allow the

mechanism by which you are unlocked as a Gateway to be opened.

At this point, as I near the conclusion of this first period of three months of working with Belial, I can report that the battle between myself and Belial—a battle existing and thriving in my perception alone—has come to a stop, and he now dwells within me in harmony.

I have before me yet another month of dwelling with Belial in his tutelage, but I can tell already that the storm has passed. The storm has passed and now he sits with me, for I no longer resist him.

These have been the words and the works of Belial and he has returned to this world with a power and a presence never before witnessed, even when he was worshiped against, and even when he was supplicated to by the most desperate in ancient times. Never before has Belial's presence been upon this world as it is today.

We are no longer waiting for these Ancient Ones to return, for they are already here, walking among us. Belial is here now stronger than ever before, and I have opened the gate within myself. This work is then going to be nine-fold easier for you. All of the blessings, teachings, and promises that are given here by Belial are laid before you as well, and all that you need to do is accept them and accept Belial. And endure him.

I challenge you, the reader, the one who stands at the Gates peering into Eternal Darkness, to not simply watch and read about my experiences with these Gatekeepers, but to bring him through to you, to open yourself as the gate through which he will travel. Bring him more fully into this plane. I challenge you to invite him into yourself and into your life and as you do you will be rewarded in ways that you never could have imagined.

The ritual of possession can be a ritual, but it's also a culmination. As you make contact with Belial or with any of these Gatekeepers, it will be impossible for you to not get possessed.

The only advice that I could give you is extreme advice and should not be followed except for by the madmen.

With Belial within you, if you need to exterminate relationships and friendships that are toxic but you didn't realize until he was within you, do it.

If you need to set fire to your home and burn yourself alive, do it.

If you need to destroy everything and start again, then do it.

Do not apologize, do not repent, for Belial is showing you the way as he has shown me the way. His way is the Way of the Madman, the Wanderer, the Pariah. Very few can walk this path. Sometimes I wonder if I can walk it.

Then you know what I do? I just walk it. Just do it.

Do what thou wilt is no longer the law. There is no law, so do what thou wilt and do what thou wilt not. Embrace impossibility. Embrace insanity. Embrace the answers that have no answers but leave questions. Embrace the sickness. Embrace the anger. In the moment when you are consumed by the anger, it feels justified, and maybe it is, maybe it isn't, but it reveals something. As soon as you begin to resist you see the reactions in the world around you, and you realize that you are not the one who is resisting. You are the pressure that you are placing upon everything else. Everything else then must resist you.

One of nine. One of nine. It's like a combination lock, one of nine. Eight more to go, and I've already gotten very fucked up in the process.

*Itz Ra-Cha, Belial!*

# Black Alchemy of Belial

I am beyond time and space.  
I have been with you long before  
you attempted to make contact with me.



KURTIS JOSEPH

*Grimoire Two*

# **The Fool's Journey**

## *Chapter Seven*



**M**Y experience with Belial has been unceasing. He is one of those demonic forces which seemed to hide in the shadows throughout my sorcerous development. In fact, this seems to be the case for many who are actually working toward their ascension. It is as if Belial is almost an anthropomorphic embodiment of that hunger for power. To simply speak the name of Belial will begin to draw his influence into your life whether it is consciously perceived or not. To call him forth with intention is to evoke traumatic forces of change for better or for worse. Belial will explore and then exploit your every weakness and vulnerability. He seemingly does this to cause your fall and your destruction and, in fact, he very well may. However, if you can harness your will and get through the storm your growth is found to be astonishing. What remains standing after passing through the storms of Hell fire is much stronger and less human. Your very thoughts begin to shape your reality, though that is not always a good thing. Those of us that open ourselves as gateways.

After I was initiated as the High Priest of the Coven of the Primal Dawn I began to look for something else. The reality of Magick became more and more intense through practice, and the power was bittersweet. Embodying a generic Pagan God for the sake of a Coven bowing to me as if I was that God was found to be fruitless after going through the motions for two years. To be honest, the Coven experience seemed to be not much more than a social club, though the social activities sometimes came with interesting drama and benefits. All my intense results and experiences came from my work behind closed doors for the most part, and the magick I employed was far beyond Coven structure. The divine force which was growing within was darker and beyond such trappings of mainstream Pagan thought. The title of High Priest, though it was something I once sought out could not quench my thirst for

power as I thought it would. I began to explore darker aspects of the witch's craft, more specifically operations of evocation.

It was King Belial who became the focal point of this learning process. I called upon no one else during my initial operations of evocation. Something about his sigil pulled me into it, and I wanted to pull his power into myself. I had no clue what I was doing literally or figuratively. I decided I would simply attempt to summon this one demonic King until success was achieved. I had no idea what I was getting myself into. I evoked Belial for nine months straight, yet the journal which was supposed to record my interactions remained as empty as my hardened heart.

I strained and pushed myself to behold his power and might daily, yet it all seemed to be fruitless. I felt that it was all in vain. I saw no vision. I heard no thunderous voice and my frustrations grew. One night, I could take no more of the chaos and confusion that was my life nor could I stand any of the weakness that came with it. I was exhausted from working as a slave and not sleeping and my rage toward life seemed to become the base for Belial's manifestation within this specific witching hour. I demanded success in this operation. It seemed that the only stable thing I had in my life at this point was this fruitless work, and so I lit the incense blend of Mullein and Frankincense and I attempted to call Belial forth once again. Spiritual winds began to blow around my hands this time. They seemed like hot desert winds which were indeed felt with my physical senses. What seemed to be heat rising off a car hood in the middle of a Texas summer day began to rise within the triangle that I had made from masking tape upon the floor. The hair on my body stood up as if it had its own will. It wanted to run out of the temple leaving the body which it inhabited behind. The astral winds began to completely envelop me. They were vibrating so intensely that it sounded like the buzzing of millions upon millions of flies. As this experience reached its climax I fell to my knees and looked up to behold him. There he was, Belial Lord of the Abyss.

He spoke to me for the first time, yet it seemed as if this same voice had been guiding me for quite a while. His words validated that assumption:

**You feel as if you now see me and hear me for the first time. That assumption is the wrong one black magickian. Do you think my power is limited to your pathetic orations and petty attempts at conjuration? Look upon my face now and reflect upon it. Know that my face is a reflection of your life experience from long before the**



**time I called out to you through my signature. Know now that these things are, and will be from this point on, one and the same.**

I perceived my life from a point in time long before his sigil seemed to magnetically pull at me. I saw how I was breaking down to nothingness, to the point of rock bottom. From the abysmal depths I rose from this nothingness. Income came from out of the aethyr, though it was not always legal. A business was handed to me and I was able to live out my passion as a martial arts instructor. Brawls on the street served to either gain respect or to obtain allies through common mutual enemies. I will not say that these fights always ended in painless victory, but they all served a greater purpose. I became fortified and surrounded by people who would go to war with me if needed. If the war was not needed then they were there to drink with me, party, and have fun. Women were drawn to me. Specifically, married women and through Belial's influence many sacred vows of union made in the presence of God were broken for the glory of the fulfillment of the Demonic Kings infernal lusts.

I saw how sin had become a path to power and fulfillment of that which I desired. Before this evocative success I saw failure in my life, yet now I saw nothing but success. I had achieved so much. In fact, I had achieved more in one lifetime than most could achieve in many. I studied drafting, power equipment mechanics and I got certified as a personal trainer. I obtained the equivalent of a two-year Bible degree, yet it all seemed fruitless. I was a bit confused because of this. I realized that I thought I had failed simply because my life did not fit within the typical social mold. I realized that life was in some ways a game and that the world was my playground. I saw that Belial had been showing me how to play for quite some time. I could not perceive it because I was too pathetic to see the power being wielded in front of my face. All this time I had been completely taking it for granted. Although I was unable to see it, much less admit to it residual social programming remained within me like a cage holding back my personal growth and liberation. Even as a witch this programming kept me from seeing the potential of sin and the power of circumventing the will of God and breaking the structure of the social norm. Belial continued to speak after I had this almost instantaneous revelation of what had truly occurred the past two years of my life:

**I am beyond time and space. I have been with you long before you attempted to make contact with me. I have been turning you and your life inside out and upside down for some time now. Yet**

until this moment you have been oblivious to my power. You have continued to call upon me over and over and I have indeed come and answered each and every time. Most of the time you did not even compel me. Your lack of faith in my power caused you to abandon the very objectives you sought to fulfill. I remained as you became frustrated. As you stepped beyond the boundaries of the circle I stepped directly into your life. I created the circumstances which were most needed for your growth. These kinds of circumstances are never easy to endure. You are one of two things. You are either extremely stupid or extremely brave for the initiations you have endured would break the will of most. Either way, your negligence in regard to compelling me and banishing me correctly has essentially caused us to unite by vibrational contagion and so I will make use of you.

# Revelation of the Birthright of Man

## Chapter Eight



FROM that point onward, I developed working relationships with many spiritual forces. However, Belial was the one force which would seem to interfere with my life and my work to simply take me well beyond my comfort zone. Evocation, invocation to possession? These were moot points. He was there to observe at all times as if he alone was the very fabric of my reality, and he would move through me to guide my actions and show up randomly to offer his wisdom. I got used to this and adapted.

The relationship seemed to be one where he became the nucleus of an *infernal network*, which was organized to specifically usher in my process of spiritual ascent. It was as if he had woven an energetic web from all my strengths and weaknesses and cast it out to pull in those forces most conducive to my becoming.

One night as I was about to drift off to sleep, I was pulled from my body. He wanted to offer me insight regarding what he called the Infernal Pact, and what it is; and how it is the birthright of the human race.

This pact was first offered to mankind within the garden of Eden by the serpent within Biblical lore.

**The tale of the serpent offering the fruit of knowledge in the Garden of Eden is the birthright of mankind. It is not the petty temptation it is made out to be by churches of a false God. The serpent was not an external source of temptation. It was the inner voice of potential which questioned all for the sake of discovery and evolution. This was caused by a minute fraction of the divine light of darkness which remained within at the beginning of the cycle of incarnation of mankind. When the Archonic influence discovered that this fraction of ambrosia remained within, it was extracted**

from the genetic code by the densification of the body, and this densification is what you now consider to be the fall of man.

**This pact is the doorway through which mankind may step back into their original divine blue print that will empower them to rule over their own life experience. Though the yoke of this work is anything but easy, the toils of this labor will indeed open your eyes to the unknown power that dwells within, so you may be as Gods in the flesh. You shall be illuminated by the Black Light of the knowledge of good and evil, gold and silver or the X and Y chromosomes. Most importantly, you will discover the relationship between the two polarities as more codes from the Book of Life are written upon your genes. You will gain sovereignty over the powers of heaven and hell. The illusion of the two trees will fall.**

I felt pools of energy opening within and around me, and from an outsider's point of view I saw what are today called the "shells" of the Kliffoth manifesting within myself. I felt the various paths connecting and uniting these husks, which are said to be essentially leftovers from the process of creation. The power which began to flow through me was painfully euphoric, and I was overcome by a plethora of primal urges to become. As the experience came to a close Belial began to speak of what this experience meant in an alchemical sense.

**The Kliffothic shells represent what science once called junk DNA. This DNA is potential found in your current being, which mankind assumes is not encoded. Codes of divine power were once written within this junk DNA. They have been extracted by the manipulation of the environmental stimulus you experience. To keep my explanation simple, your divine seed is now cast upon rocky soil so that the potential of the original blueprint of primal power cannot take root. The fruit you produce which is the fruit of the tree of life is only enough to be harvested by Archonic emanations. Your existence is food. If you were to be illuminated by knowledge, then the power obtained from your roots being planted within the fertile soil of the Black Earth would easily overcome those who now rule.**

**What is called the Tree of Life is like a map of gene expression, which does offer the illusion of ascent by increasing the quality of this expression of limited DNA. Exploring the limits of this tree is**

akin to watering, fertilizing and pruning a tree which you would do to encourage a more abundant supply of fruit. That would be an example of gene expression. Environmental stimuli are integrated to create change and adaptation within a limited genetic code. What must be understood is that the material available at the genetic level is a mere three percent of potential, which can be harnessed to express the ultimate potential of the human race. This is true at the physical atomic level or the Clayborn Adamic level of existence. This limitation does not apply at the level of vibration and electromagnetic power which exists on the other side of the veil through Da'ath, which is the entrance to power over which I rule. You cannot truly be separated from this potential or else the Clayborn existence could not be set in place. Da'ath is the hidden Sephira because if mankind had access to this side of existence by default they could not be enslaved and harvested to benefit the Archons. This is where the beginnings and origin of power within can be found. This origin is connected to and in alignment with dark matter.

Through exploration of the Kliffoth and the interaction with its inhabitants one is not just getting to the root of the tree, but rather altering the very seed which gives rise to the tree itself. The tables of *overstanding* have been turned and so now you merely understand according to the discoveries of the finite minds of men. This genetic potential now called junk once acted as a channel which brought forth the illumination of the Black Light of knowledge. Now that it is dormant it ushers in genetic imperfection, sickness and disease. Instead of bringing in the true black light of Da'ath, it ushers in the experience of death to keep the spiritual essence of man in a continuous state of being recycled into slavery repeatedly through incarnation.

I was a bit lost, though I knew the analogy being offered had great practical value which would lead to the now coveted overstanding. I tried to rely on my own intellect to assimilate what I was being told to try to gain greater insight, but I was still swimming in abysmal confusion. I was conditioned to do this with my interactions with Belial. He could see into the depths of my thought process, and so he continued with his explanation.

**Yes, it is through your interaction with me that you are**

**conditioned to strive for greater knowledge and that is exactly how this alchemical transmutation operates. It is not a matter of simple gene expression as that is merely a matter of capitalizing on potential which is still very limited. Instead, DNA activation occurs at the level of vibrational frequency which increases electromagnetic power to resist the limits of the environmental stimulus placed upon you. Your genes, though they are the genesis of true divine power in the flesh, have been shut down and decoded through programs of false religious doctrine, institutions of imposed un-education, and pharmaceutical atrocities which are directly designed to hinder the evolutionary process at the cellular level. These are only a few of thousands of integers within the equation of slavery which empower the few to feed upon and rule over the majority. This minimizes the potential of gene expression and halts the process of evolution.**

**By harnessing the sounds of silence or the sounds of the Hebrew Alphabet which are associated with each path upon the Tree of Knowledge The first 22 strands of encoded information can be activated within the race of man. This is to take back the book of life from the false God. By interacting with the demonic rulers through evocation, invocation, and initiation this power will rise to the flesh. This will occur through vibrational contagion that will transmute your electromagnetic power. This, in turn, will offer greater potential for the expression of this dark power upon the physical plane as the electromagnetic force begins the process of transfiguration of the flesh starting at the atomic and molecular levels of existence.**

I now understood the working mechanics of this process to a certain extent, but I did not really understand the difference in this methodology and simply exploring the Kliffothic realms. So, I asked Belial directly:

Belial how is this information any different when Kliffothic exploration is infamous for increasing infernal power anyway? I mean obtaining power is the obtainment of power regardless, right?

He expounded:

**The difference is akin to climbing a huge mountain only to find out that there is a staircase leading to the top. The difference is on the focus of intention because though some have been able to master Kliffothic forces to their benefit they have not mastered the power**

**of self by taking back the genetic code which is their birthright. Understand that DNA is connected. It does not die. It evolves from generation to generation. Therefore, those who have passed within your bloodline will also be activated, and thus so will those who have yet to come forth to the three-dimensional realm. This will bridge the gap between past, present, and future and mankind will evolve beyond the limits of time and space as a result of this. Through the conscious intention of encoding the information of the Book of Life within the DNA the human race will be illuminated with the Black Light of occulted knowledge. You will become as Gods, as promised within the Edenic tale.**

# Rejection of the Infernal Pact

## Chapter Nine



**I** WOKE and did my best to record all of this through my process of dream recall in the year of 2009. I continued to obtain bits and pieces of gnosis regarding this work, and so I wrote the following Infernal Pact with hesitation. Belial seemed to be enticing me to make this pact to thrust me well beyond my comfort zone as usual.

*I (Insert name here) call upon the inhabitants of the Infernal Tree of Night to bear witness to this Infernal Pact of Demonic evolution and becoming. In the name of Satan and Moloch, I give written proclamation in regard to my understanding of the nature of this work of Alchemical transmutation.*

*In return for my devotion to the Initiations of Hell under the guidance of the Infernal Empire, I ask that the Book of Life be once again encoded within through the toils of my labor so that I may express the complete power and potential of the true divine blueprint stolen from the human race at the fall of man.*

*I ask for the wisdom of the Sounds of Silence, which have been wrongfully used to create the one song to take control of the race of man. Legions of Hell, as this work is completed may my own song be writ with the power of Lucifer and in the name of Belial according to my own divine will to counter the tyrannical will of the Archon worshipped as God. May the snares which bind my fate be broken for the liberation of me and mine.*

*Upon the signing of this Infernal Pact, which was first offered in the realm of Eden to release mankind from the chains of the Clayborn Atom/Adam, may all that has been occulted be revealed at the necessary time to empower me upon my path of spiritual ascent. May the obtained knowledge and power be used to benefit my physical life according to my desire. Through this process may the Apocalypse be brought forth through*



*the Book of Revelation that is the Book of Life found in the shadows of  
Da'ath.*

*I vow to master the powers of the Demonic rulers and wield them upon  
the earth in order to oppose the cruel fate of the false God of tyranny and  
oppression. May the might of the infernal hierarchy be glorified because of  
this work and the devotion I invest to perform it.*

*I offer this body as a living sacrifice unto the rulers of the Adverse Tree to  
walk as a banner of its Acausal power as the singularity of demonic potential  
in order to break the chains of Archonic enslavement. I compel you now to  
accept this sacrifice. Upon the acceptance of my offering, I receive the  
Infernal Blessing of Hell in the name of Belial who is Lord of the Abysmal  
Depths!*

As I returned to normal consciousness, I looked over the pact. I was to evoke Belial the night of the upcoming full moon and sign the pact in my blood to receive the needed signatures of the demonic rulers and their realms, which would act as keys to the specific goal of activating the dormant human DNA. This work was to begin with gaining insight about the Sounds of Silence and interacting with the inhabitants of the Adverse Tree. I continued to receive gnosis regarding the working praxis of this alchemical process. I began to share this gnosis with others and experiment with this work. I never evoked Belial on the night of the Full Moon. I never signed the pact.

I simply dabbled within the work while performing other occult experiments at my leisure. If I were to be honest right now within this eternal moment, I had become quite intimidated by this undertaking. The burden of uncovering such information seemed like an unbearable weight which I was not capable of carrying. As previously mentioned, I shared some of the gnosis within a small group of sorcerers composed of 24 members worldwide. The name of this group was the Temple of the Adversarial Forge. As I revealed some of this information, I piqued the interest of some but it was if I was the only one who was actually thrusting myself into the work. I was discouraged; however, I continued to uncover several small keys, yet I still refused to move forward with this infernal pact. As time moved forward, I was taken to some very dark places in my life because of my hesitation, though I was not aware of it at the time.

I isolated myself from the outside world and it was around this time that my work with Ahriman began. I was entering the dark night of the soul. I left the Temple of the Adversarial Forge to random members knowing that it

would die off without my presence. Madness started to creep in, and so I worked harder and harder at remaining in isolation to hide my instability. The lines between my thoughts and the words of Dark forces on the other side of the veil began to blur. As a result, the voices of the Dark Gods of Persia grew louder becoming capable of deafening me to my own thoughts. Over time, no difference could be found between the two at all. I was becoming more and more lucid upon this plane and the next and because of this it was as if I never closed my eyes to sleep. Friends became enemies and family wanted to admit me to a mental institution which would make me a ward of the State. All in a day's work for a Black Magickian!

Sometimes the presence of Belial would make himself known by common threads within the Ancient Rites, Spells, and Demons of Persia. Specifically, the connection of dark matter to the Div's and their connection to the unlimited potential of the void. That was a constant reminder of the pact I intended to make with Belial. I finally accepted my madness and went into a fit of rage burning all the notes I had taken in regard to the gnosis I had received. I hunted for those notes trying to track down each and every page and failed miserably because my mind had been stretched in so many directions during that year. I took notes everywhere! Some notes I wrote on the walls of my temple in chalk. Some I placed upon sticky notes within books or magazines that shed deeper insight into the conceptual possibility of the work. Others were randomly placed upon notes which were altogether incongruent to the concept. Regardless, I hunted for everything I could find, and in a fit of anger I burnt it all while screaming and yelling and going through the motions of banishing rites intending on removing the influence of Belial from my life. I began to hear his voice, and though it was faint and I cannot remember his exact words because I never recorded them, they resembled this:

**Your petty anger only delays the inevitable. You neglected this process of banishment from the beginning and so I have essentially been united with your soul through vibrational transference. Your current attempts to rid yourself of me will fail and no exorcism will remove me from your life. I will leave you to your madness. In time, you will serve the cause you are bound to in return for all I have done. Have it your way. Have it the hard way.**

I woke the following morning ready to be admitted. I had a brief conversation with a friend who was a part of the Temple of the Adversarial

Forge. Though we bump heads at times till this day, she is the fire of passion to my icy soul. She is my partner and my best friend, Megan. She told me not to allow anyone to place me in an institution of any sort. She told me that it would be the stupidest thing I could ever do. She assured me that I would be medicated and made a zombie as a result, and that through the process it was quite possible that I would never escape state custody. Though I already knew all of that, I really did not care. I was honestly ready to throw in the towel, but something inside of me wanted to prove to the world that just because I am different than most I am not crazy.

Megan came to Ohio to pick me up in a matter of a few weeks so that my work with the Dark Gods of Persia could be gifted to the world. I moved to the hills of Tennessee thinking I could escape the madness and move forward with my life. I left many of my ritual tools because I thought it would empower me to start fresh. I did not want to bring stagnant energies that did not serve me. I also felt that it would in a sense enable me to leave Belial behind in some way, though we all know better than that.

Life continued and so did the perfection of the work upon the Path of Smoke. However, as mentioned before, the previous year was rather chaotic. I did not intend to publish Black Magick of Ahriman at first. I was compiling the information I was receiving and recording the work as one of my own personal grimoires. In other words, it was originally an “un-grimoire,” and so like everything else, notes and records were scattered within broken binders and tattered folders with sticky notes littering scribbled words on random sheets of notebook paper making everything nearly incomprehensible. We opened the closet in my Temple room one day and saw that we needed to purge. As Megan began to bark orders as most women do during the “purging process,” a piece of paper fell to my feet. It almost spoke to me, warning me to not throw it away. I opened it, and there it was. It was the Infernal Pact I refused to make. As I unfolded it that warm wind began to swirl around my hands. I know in that moment I lost all color and my flesh became as white as a winter storm.

I placed the spiritual contract in a safer place within a specific folder in a hallway closet and tried to forget about it. Poltergeist activity, which was specific to my experiences with Belial, began in this new home. The smoke alarm would go off for no reason at random times. His huge shadow would appear and condense into a dark orb which would fly toward me and then dissipate into a mist. Silverware would fly off the counter and he would

manifest in the yard, then disappear and then re-appear inches from my face.

I pulled out the pact one day and I knew that it was something which I needed to tend to. I became obsessed with it for a while. Staring at it hoping to see the needed signatures of the demonic rulers specific to this cause without having to pen my own signature in blood. Of course, that did not happen. I sat on the edge of the bed with Megan one night and explained to her what it was. Her response was, “That’s fucking crazy. I would never do something that stupid. You need to focus on finishing this work with Ahriman.”

That is exactly what I did. I decided to remain focused, but Belial kept making himself known. It was almost as if he was letting me know that I had no say, and I had no control. Friends would approach me with issues they were having with the Demonic King, and so I would call him on their behalf. Clients would call with legal problems, which only he could solve, and so again I would have to call upon him. His sigil would appear behind closed eye lids before falling asleep and then I would feel him materialize standing next to my bed knowing he was going to plant specific actions in the soil of my life experience upon the dream plane.

A few months before the release of *Black Magick of Ahriman*, I began to discuss future work I had planned with the founders of BALG. One of my ideas which had been on the back burner aligned with E.A.’s material with the Nine Demonic Kings. He was planning on coming out of retirement from writing by doing this work, and so it was at first suggested that I coauthor the text with E.A. because some of the ideas seemed to run parallel. At the time, I sensed the hand of Belial in this as he was really the only one out of the nine which I had dealt with in any real depth. We all decided against it at the last moment, mainly because of the vast differences in our work though it did have common threads. I think it was simply a matter of economy when it came down to attempting to convey the message and purpose of the work. Though there were indeed common denominators, the differences would have led to a possible lack of refinement and that was something I could tell E.A. nor myself was willing to release.

Then came February of 2018. I saw E.A. had released a BALG YouTube video entitled *The Black Alchemy of Belial*. With the experiences you have read about so far in this text, I am sure it is obvious why I was interested. I watched the video and I sensed it coming. It was like I was being told it was coming. “He is going to talk about DNA activation.” He then spoke of gnosis

he received from this Demonic King regarding the activation of human DNA through the process of interacting with demonic spiritual forces. I was floored.

Old members of the Temple of the Adversarial Forge sent me the video wondering how he got this information. To me that honestly was not relevant at all. This meant this information just got way more real for both him and I, and something much bigger was going on in the shadows. Belial was in complete control. My first thought was essentially, “We have to do a podcast. I must talk to him about this. He is so busy and I am so busy. I have to talk to him about this.” Days went by and I brushed it under the rug though the need to have this conversation was still nagging at me. I suppressed it and went on with my daily life and routine.

Soon after I decided to not worry about the situation and leave E.A. to his project so he could focus, he appeared out of nowhere on an internet platform in a way which he never does. He came out of the woodwork in a way which was completely out of character. Then I also responded in a way which was completely out of character for me. People who witnessed it were a bit shocked, dazed, and confused. The details of this encounter are not important. I bring it up here because my intuition told me that E.A. was, at that point in time, an open conduit for Belial and I essentially had been blowing Belial off to the best of my ability for three years now despite his lingering presence. I knew I needed to prepare. I would not be able to blow off this Infernal Pact any longer. Though I am not bound to the pact yet, Belial is bound to me. To refuse his work is to refuse my own.

Sure enough, after the storm had settled, Timothy had messaged me wondering if I would contribute something for E.A.’s Belial release. At this point there was no doubt in my mind that my intuition had been spot on. Belial had his hand in this. I agreed to do it. I knew I had to. I would be completely stupid as Belial implied I was during my first observable encounter with him. I never intended on releasing this information to the world yet here I am. E.A. never intended on having me help with his nine Demonic Kings project in any way, yet here I am. To quote E.A., “I am not in control.” This is occurring right now because it is the will of Belial. His ingenious tactics of manipulation have backed me into a corner and so now begins the Revelation of his wisdom to usher in the next phase of evolution for humanity.

What you will find in this brief text will be far from a complete

pathworking of DNA activation through traveling upon the Paths of the Kliffoth and through the Shells. That would not be possible to release in its entirety in such a short amount of time. You will find hints at the working mechanics of these kinds of operations, but what this text will serve to do is open your mind to the element of the possibility. Also, one should not expect this platform to align completely with Kabbalistic doctrine as Kabbalistic doctrine is not what this is. In fact, from what I intuitively feel this complete pathworking will serve to annihilate the illusion of the two Trees of Life, and the knowledge of good and evil, offering not a reality map. Instead, it will offer a map leading to power through the potential of human DNA.

Will the complete Pathworking be revealed in the future? The work will be performed cultivated and perfected and then released. It must be. Much like BMOA I was called to cultivate and experience the work. This brief text gives Belial an offering of movement toward his objective. I will soon be making this pact, and I will evoke Belial until I reach exhaustion only to peel myself off the floor of the temple and record the results of those evocations to benefit you the reader. Know that this is only the beginning. The entirety of this process will take much cultivation through flight time and exploration. This contribution to the Grimoire of Belial comes from a lot of gnosis I received years back combined with the conjurations which could be completed within two weeks' time leading to the date upon which the material was needed for publication, meeting Belial's challenge.

# **The Temple of Kliffothic Intrusion**

## *Chapter Ten*



**I** know of many “Qliphothic Currents” which employ very complex Temple layouts with numerous tools of employment. The complexity of this current and its work is enough. In fact, it is good if a secluded place can be found outdoors to perform this work. The main reason is that the performance of this work will indeed create a rift in the veil and it will create a point of Kliffothic intrusion over time. Though an indoor temple may be used it is best if an outdoor temple is employed whenever possible to minimize unpleasant activity occurring within the home over time as the veil between worlds grows thinner. As far as I know at this moment, nothing much is needed to perform the bare bones of this work. There are indeed specific tools which I cannot yet mention, but that is because the material I am currently able to reveal does not call for it in this stage of cultivation. All material presented within this text would be what most would call occult “experiments.”

Etch the Circle and Triangle into the bare earth and allow the powers of the mind, will, and energies of nature to fuel the experience. In fact, it is the mind which is most important here. The most elaborate and gorgeous temple can be constructed on the mental planes. We must keep in mind (pun intended) that we are seeking the activation of DNA through this great work and cellular manipulation must occur as a result of that. The pineal gland which is responsible for spiritual vision and psychic intuition is considered to be the master cell and throne of the soul. The decalcification of this master cell is of utmost importance. It is because of this that you will find the emphasis on that, via the prioritization of visualization and developing the ability to translate “impressions” from vague feelings to refined and focused input vital to the working praxis of this pathworking. In short, you are the Temple and point of Kliffothic Intrusion. That is my observation as of now in this point of

the development of this work.

Six black Votive candles can be brought along in a book bag to an outdoor temple to adorn the elemental quarters of the circle and points of the triangle. (The candle between the apex of the triangle and the circle links the energies of both) A sensor with Kliffothic incense and charcoal will be easy to bring as well. If you as an individual would choose to employ things like the athame and wand then by all means do so. Whatever it takes to turn on the inner switch is acceptable. Sometimes madmen (like myself) enjoy the phenomena of poltergeist activity and apparitions as well. So, if you want to draw the circle and triangle on the floor of the basement or garage with chalk and perform this work indoors, go ahead.

Most people will find themselves seeking balance between the two and that also is acceptable when, for instance, weather conditioners make traveling into the mountains unsafe. In other words, the temple and fancy pants implements are not really of relevance here at this point in the cultivation of this infernal current of personal alchemy. What seems to be important is the work itself. The important thing is to create working relationships with these forces and allow them to flow through you and through your life to create the needed changes within you and without. Most importantly, it is to understand that these two are actually one and the same.



# The Triangle & Circle of Art

## *Chapter Eleven*



**B**EFORE we get into more complex areas of the work within this Infernal Pact, I will begin by starting with the theory and mechanics behind the Circle and Triangle used within basic operations of evocation and invocation. These operations are most important in the beginning of this work for a couple of reasons. It is through the interaction with these demons via evocation and rites of possession that we are affected at the vibrational and electromagnetic level. Belial called this “vibrational contagion” within our past interactions. This sets the stage for DNA activation by walking the Pathways of the Tree of Night and going through the various initiations of the Infernal spheres. It can be safely said that interacting with these forces before traveling to their realms helps to potentiate a more positive outcome because you are still on your home field being the plane of incarnation you are accustomed to. Some of Kabbalistic doctrine who studied and explored the Kliffothic realms have stated that it is much harder to focus on bringing these demon rulers to this plane before meeting them in their realms. This may be the case, though I am not sure. If it is the case that is the point, though. Besides according to tradition, the Lillitu spirits are howling ones implying the evocation of spiritual forces to tear the veil between the Black Earth and Malkuth. By doing this one can gain safe passage to Gamaliel ruled by Lillith through devotion and discipline of applying the arts of evocation/possession

Through both evocation and invocation (with the goal of possession) we also start to operate within specific fractal universal mechanics that expand consciousness in unique ways. We are stimulating the vibrational contagion within and without. We are also calling them through the gateway of the subconscious mind to act through us and then we are evoking them to stand before us upon Malkuth or the earth plane. The act of calling the Kliffothic powers to stand before us and then pulling them within the self will

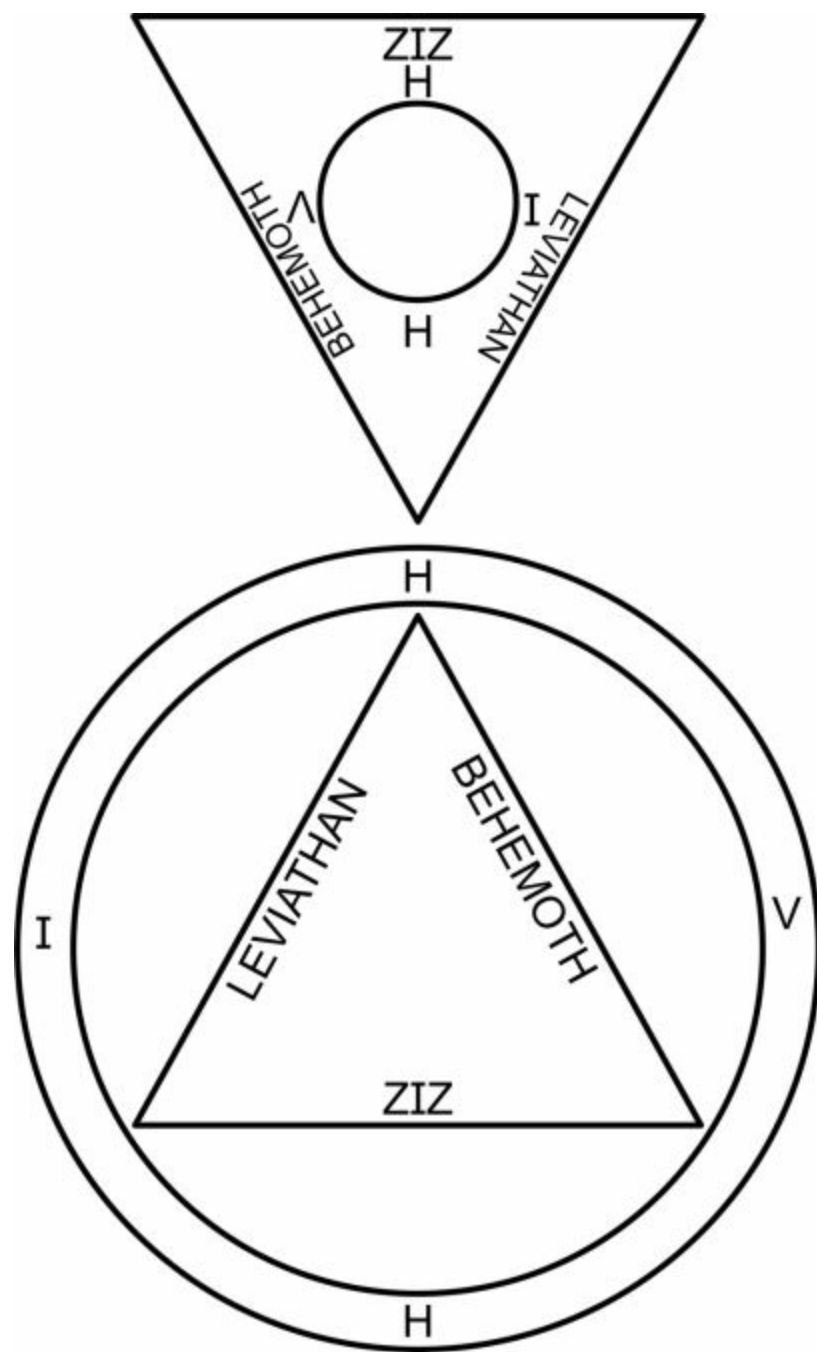
essentially begin to thin the veil between the physical world and the inner planes of existence helping to conjoin polarities. This is important because experientially this could in fact be symbolic of the polarity of the x and y chromosome, The Tree of Life and the Tree of Da'ath or above and below, as well as within and without. This can be contemplated much further for the sake of perceiving even more details in regard to the intricate net of energy which is being woven by simple dedication to rites of evocation and invocation.

Also as Belial mentioned the “Shells” or husks within us called junk DNA are currently decoded. This means that they are currently void of information that was once encoded before the fall. It is because of this that the “junk” or the biological “husks” are not bringing in the Black Light of Knowledge, which leads to life. Instead, these internal husks are like biological black holes which syphon energy causing disease and sickness. When we give these shells or husks life through evocation of affiliated demonic rulers or spirits that are helpful to our evolution while also merging with their consciousness, then the knowledge gained, and the power applied will start to directly awaken that inner light of potential and power. It may not directly encode DNA from within as does the exploration of the Nightside Tree of Da'ath, but it will shine light on your potential in the world by effecting the electromagnetic field or aura. In a sense one of the most basic messages of this specific pathworking is “If you do not use it you lose it.” In other words, through environmental stimulus our genetic codes have been seriously hindered. As a result, human evolution has been stopped in its tracks. Traveling and exploring the tree on their home turf in conjunction with interacting with them on ours helps to create a dynamic of synergy. It also thins the veil between both trees through Da'ath by our calling them out of that gate and our going through it. Again, this about merging the polarity and destroying the illusion of both trees, and by doing that we are destroying the modern concept of God. We can only divide the Archonic impulse by stepping into the totality of our demonic genesis.

The Circle and Triangle are adorned with four names. Leviathan, Behemoth and Ziz as well as the reflection of IHVH being HVHI. Leviathan represents the Abysmal water. Behemoth is a beast of the Black Earth while Ziz is a creature of the Astral winds. HVHI represents the Adversarial Spirit illuminated with the Black Light of the Fire of knowledge. HVHI in this context is not considered to be Satan but self. Through this pathworking, we

are resisting the limits which oppose our becoming greater via evolution. We are the opposer. We are Satan. We are the anti-thesis of God because when we become God the entire concept ceases to exist because we are simply who we are within the eternal moment of becoming.

Just as DNA strands conjoin pairs of chromosomes, the Circle and Triangle of the Art in this context are reflections of one another conjoined by the macrocosmic expression of DNA called self. (Here consider the macrocosmic similarity of the Ida and Pingala to the microcosmic DNA strands.) Through the rites of evocation and invocation we are always seeking to increase the potential of that expression by gaining knowledge, wisdom, and power to change self and the world according to will. Through this process we usher in the Apocalypse. It should be noticed that the apex of the triangle faces toward the Apex of the Triangle, which is within the circle of the art. It does not face outward as it does traditionally. This is done to focus the energy of the evoked toward the circle for the sake of blurring the lines between evocation and invocation.



For the sake of the activation of the human DNA strands rites of evocation and rites of invocation or possession are merged. They are made one through devotion to the act for the sake of the cause of vibrational contagion. Evocation is performed first to interact with the spirit for the purpose of gaining insight into its power and how it can be applied. Then the goal is to cross the boundary of the circle and enter the triangle inviting the spirit to enter the flesh. This is how all rites are performed upon the realm of Malkuth and this is the foundation of what Belial calls vibrational contagion. This is an act of DNA potentiation via the transformation of the electromagnetic field. Through time, the end result is to become a living embodiment of the potential of the totality of Da'ath. We are to be reborn as the Anti-Christ, the Devil in the flesh who wields the potential of Heaven and Hell. This is the totality of the divine blue print unhindered by social and religious expectations of what "divine" should be.

Many will ask about the danger of this sort of operation, and they would do so for good reason. It is dangerous indeed. The will must be forged as the Adversary himself. If it is not, then these forces will move through you in very unpredictable ways at the most inconvenient times. Therefore, it is best to master these rites starting in the realm of Naamah moving toward Thaumiel. In this way, the will can be harnessed in a progressive way ensuring that this process is one of empowerment and not detriment. Through the fall the spirit of mankind has descended into gross matter. This process is geared toward counteracting that process through spiritual elevation moving back toward the aforementioned original divine blue print, and so the process of evocation and invocation begins within the Black Earth as this specific sphere is vibrationally less intense than the higher spheres that will be progressively aligned with through conjuration and possession.

At this point in time I have yet to receive the individual sigils of the Demonic rulers specific to this work. They are also at this point not needed within this path's current level of development. Though these will no doubt be received after the publication of this text through the cultivation of the work along with the sigils of the subordinate emissaries, this does not prevent practical application of this methodology. The Kliffothic seals are akin to generalized house seals through which the Infernal rulers can be conjured through. For now, though these are less refined vibrationally they are most conducive to general alignment of infernal powers, and so they will serve the purpose. After further cultivation of this path, in Belials time I am confident

that nothing will be left occulted. At this moment in time I am not licensed to share, nor have I received the sigils of the Kliffothic Rulers and their legions. Certain things must be harvested through cultivation and work. That which is sacred cannot be over simplified, yet that which is currently gifted should not be taken for granted.

# Ritual of the Kliffothic Alignment

## *Chapter 10*



**T**HE ceremony about to be described is the rite which shall open the temple to the work at hand. This is the case whether we are speaking of evocative/invocative operations or entering into the Kliffothic spheres to gain initiatory experiences which will code dormant DNA over time. The first part of this rite is meant to essentially activate vibrational potentiation of Kliffothic forces within one's own auric field as I experienced during the first encounter I had with Belial regarding this specific pathworking. Members of the Temple of the Adversarial Forge would recognize this rite, though it has been further refined through more recent evocations of the Demonic King.

One should kneel within the center of the circle of the art seated upon the heels if possible and face the north. If it is not possible, then one can alternatively stand or sit in the case that physical handicap may not allow either. The reason the kneeling position is preferred is that the heels are symbolic of the Rulers of Thaumiel rising into the physical world through the roots of the Tree of Life which are microcosmically represented by the root chakra within self. The closeness of the root chakra to the ground also helps to better connect the energy system to the Infernal powers of the Black Earth using the root as a point of intrusion into the limits of self.

This rite and the one which follows it can be practiced by themselves as they will have a transmutational effect when performed alone. Practice them until they are memorized and take records of the experiences. Work at them until you stop gaining new experiences. Take notes of physical sensations and sounds you may hear. Take note of visions you may have and anything else you could possibly take record of. This is akin to tilling the very soil of the Black Earth and will connect you directly to the first sphere of Naamah through self-discipline. During this period, you should attempt to allow psychic impressions to translate themselves into visions in the mind's eye.

Also attempt to hear voiceless whispers from within. For those new to magickal operations such as this, the exercising of these basic intuitive faculties will empower the evocative and invocative work while also setting the stage for astral awareness needed to travel the paths gaining access to the spheres.

Like much of the work that comes forth through me, the work in itself provides a developmental aspect built within it creating synergy in regard to result. Your results will increase greatly by devoting yourself to these foundations of practice. By the time they are mastered, you should be more than ready and more than empowered enough to move forward with the work and obtain intense experiences. If need be, the practitioner may progress through this rite one sphere at a time building upon its complexity week to week. I would actually encourage this slow but sure methodology as it allows for the progressive assimilation of experience. It will also prevent the burnout of the energy bodies, which may be possible from sudden Kliffothic invasion of the aforementioned energy bodies. That is not to say it will happen, but I would not rule out the possibility. Besides, to move slow and steady is win/win in this case.

## **Naamah**

Vibrate the name of the Kliffa “Naamah” eleven times. Feel the floor or earth beneath you begin to reveal the underlying darkness which permeates all that is. Allow it to make itself known to you. It may occur through visions, sounds, or impressions. Take your time and experience these energies culminating externally.

## **Gamaliel**

Vibrate the name of the Kliffa “Gamaliel” eleven times. Feel the darkness which permeates all that is accumulate beneath you and enter into your root chakra. What does it feel like? Does it reveal visions? Does this energy have a message for you? Feel this sphere manifest in the genital region and feel it pulling in and devouring the powers of creation until it reaches a climax. Then move forward to the Kliffa of Samael.

## **Samael**

Vibrate the name of the Kliffa “Samael” eleven times. Focus on the area



of the right hip and feel this Kliffa begin to manifest within that area. Feel it begin to pull in and devour the powers of creation. What does it feel like? Does it reveal visions? Do the beings of this realm have a message for you? When no more energy can be pulled into this sphere move on to the Kliffa of Gharab Tzerek.

## **Gharab Tzerek**

Vibrate the name of the Kliffa “Gharab Tzerek” eleven times. Focus on the left hip and feel this Kliffa begin to materialize within that area. Feel it begin to pull in and devour the powers of creation. What does it feel like? Does it reveal visions? Do the beings of this realm have a message for you? When no more energy can be pulled into this sphere move on to the Kliffa of Tagiriron.

## **Tagiriron**

Vibrate the name of the Kliffa “Tagiriron” eleven times. Focus on the solar plexus and feel this Kliffa begin to materialize within that area. Feel it begin to pull in and devour the powers of creation. What does it feel like? Does it reveal visions? Do the beings of this realm have a message for you? When no more energy can be pulled into this sphere move on to the Kliffa of Golahob.

## **Golahob**

Vibrate the name of the Kliffa “Golahob” eleven times. Feel this sphere begin to open up around the right elbow where it rests next to your body. Feel it begin to pull in and devour the powers of creation. What does it feel like? Does it reveal visions? Do the beings of that realm have a message for you? When no more energy can be pulled into this sphere move onto the Kliffa of Agshekeloh.

## **Agshekeloh**

Vibrate the name of the Kliffa “Agshekeloh” eleven times. Feel this sphere begin to open up around the left elbow where it rests next to your body. Feel it begin to pull in and devour the powers of creation. What does it feel like? Does it reveal visions? Do the beings of this realm have a message for you? When no more energy can be pulled into this sphere move on to the

Kliffa of Satariel.

## **Satariel**

Vibrate the name of the Kliffa “Satariel” eleven times. Feel this sphere begin to open within the right shoulder. Feel it begin to pull in and devour the powers of creation. What does it feel like? Does it reveal visions? Do the beings of this realm have a message for you? When no more energy can be pulled into this sphere move onto the Kliffa Ghogiel.

## **Ghogiel**

Vibrate the name of the Kliffa “Ghogiel” eleven times. Feel this sphere begin to open up within the left shoulder. Feel it begin to pull in and devour the powers of creation. What does it feel like? Does it reveal visions? Do the beings of this realm have a message for you? When no more energy can be pulled into this sphere move onto the Kliffa of Thaumiel.

## **Thaumiel**

Vibrate the name of the Kliffa “Thaumiel” eleven times. Feel this sphere begin to open up at the crown of the head. Feel it begin to pull in and devour the powers of creation. What does it feel like? Does it reveal visions? Do the beings of this realm have a message for you? When no more energy can be pulled in through the crown of your head begin to feel the spheres connect through the network of the various pathways and then feel the twin Dragons Satan and Moloch swimming around the spinal column exploding from the shoulders simultaneously. As this occurs, feel the Black Light of knowledge fuel you and nourish you at the level of your DNA. Understand that each snake like Chromosome is a microcosmic representation of the Twin Dragons Satan and Moloch. Envision the Black Light of Knowledge coding your DNA with genetic information from the Book of Life extracted from mankind at the fall. You are becoming a gateway through which the Fallen may now rise.

Any magickian worth a candle on an altar is aware of the fact that sound is vibration and that sound as well as the sequence of it is of vast importance in regard to the above opening rite. Understand that the name of each Kliffa contains the vibrations of that specific sphere. Therefore, it must be understood that (as previously mentioned) the body at the level of vibration is

being progressively elevated through this rite, and the consciousness will follow suit. It is really important to focus on the impressions received and to work hard in regard to visualization. Understand that “imaginary” does not mean make believe. As the “imagination” develops it is in all actuality your spiritual sight opening in a very authentic way.

It will likely be better for most if they (as suggested earlier) build on this rite consecutively/progressively one week at a time. However, some may find it helpful to simply record the instructions giving ample time to experience the energies between each Kliffa. This rite can be performed in that way until mastered and it becomes second nature. With repetition, these forces will be able to be simply ignited from within at will and the performance of the rite in its entirety will be a moot point. At this point in time you should have no issues with successful operations of evocation/invocation. Work toward this. Devote yourself to this rite and the next for 11 months. Intensity of result will follow.

# Ritual of the Kliffothic Intrusion

## *Chapter 11*



**T**HIS ritual is designed to end Envocative/Invocative rites and Kliffothic explorations. It is meant to rid the subtle energy bodies of excessive forces so that they can assimilate and accumulate spiritual power and genetic coding. That is how it operates at face value, but there is more. This rite also grounds the essence of the demonic rulers upon this side of the veil so that while the physical body is elevated, the Archonic hindrances to evolution can be worked upon by the demonic rulers. I really do not know how else to explain this. It is simply what this rite will do, and it will grow in effectiveness as it is performed by more and more people over time. It is through this basic operation that this plane of Malkuth can be transfigured and transformed to the state of the very crossroads where man and ancient god meet.

Stand in the center of the circle facing south.

Vibrate the name of the Dragons Satan and Moloch, the Rulers of Thaumiel and allow the Black Light of Knowledge within the Crown begin to fade moving downward toward the left shoulder.

Vibrate the name of the Demonic Ruler of Ghogiel, being Beelzebub and allow the Black Light of Knowledge at the left shoulder to fade moving over to the right shoulder.

Vibrate the name of the Demonic Ruler of Satariel, being Lucifuge Rofacale and allow the Black Light of Knowledge at the right shoulder to fade moving down toward the left elbow where it rests next to the body.

Vibrate the name of the Demonic Ruler of Agshekeloh being Astaroth and allow the Black Light of Knowledge at the left elbow to fade moving over to the right elbow where it rests next to the body.

Vibrate the name of the Demonic Ruler of Golohab being Asmodeus and allow the Black Light of Knowledge at the right elbow fade moving to the solar plexus.

Vibrate the name of the Demonic Ruler of Tagiriron being Belpagor and allow the Black Light of Knowledge at the solar plexus fade moving down to the left hip.

Vibrate the name of the Demonic Ruler of Gharab Tzerek being Bael and allow the Black Light of Knowledge at the left hip fade moving over to the right hip.

Vibrate the name of the Demonic Ruler of Samael being Adramelech and allow the Black Light of Knowledge at the right hip fade moving down to the genital area or the root chakra.

Vibrate the ruler of Gamaliel being the Demoness Lillith and allow the Black Light of Knowledge begin to fade from the root chakra and envision your entire body be filled with the Golden Light of Divine brilliance.

Place your hands in front of your chest in a prayer mudra and compel the forces of Da'ath in the name of Belial. Visualize yourself standing in the center of Belials sigil glowing in brilliant gold radiance. Visualize the Dragons of Satan and Moloch coiling around his sigil.

“In the Name of Belial and by the power of Satan and Moloch I compel the Demonic Rulers of the Kliffothic realms to enter the realm of Malkuth and destroy that which hinders the evolution of man. Go forth now according to your cause and destroy all that is not of service to our becoming. Lepaca Kliffoth! Observe Satan and Moloch slither outward into the realm of Malkuth.

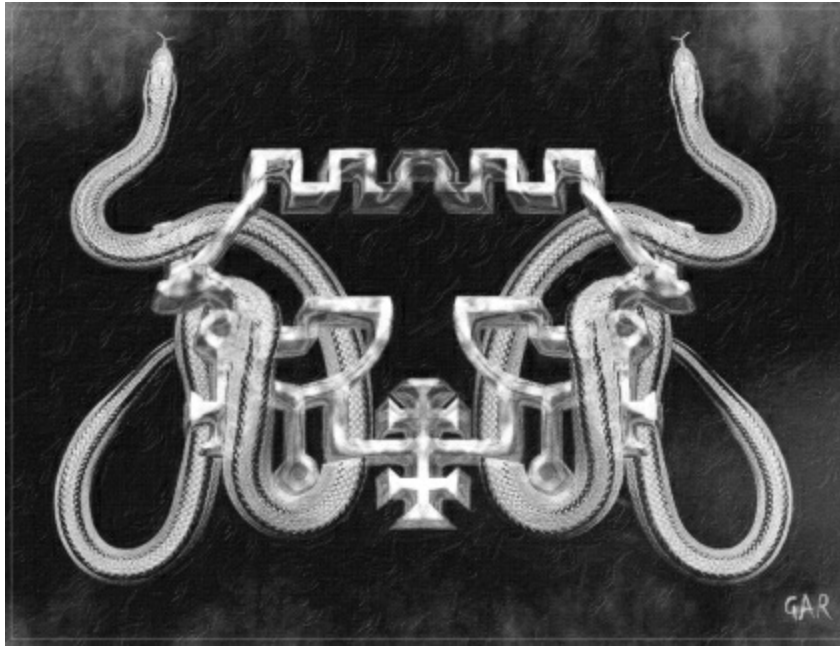
Watch the darkness scatter outward into the world being compelled by the golden light which you now emanate. Rest and meditate in this golden light. Feel it begin to nourish you at the level of your DNA and bathe in it as long as possible. Then take note of your experiences keeping records of how they progress. Know that lead is being turned to gold in this moment. Embrace it.

Just as the previous rite can be progressively built upon so can this one. They can be built on week by week together as one is working with the corresponding demonic ruler in operations of evocation and possession/invocation. I do apologize for those not familiar with Kliffothic ideology based on Kabbalistic doctrine. This brief synopsis does not allow for full attribution of correspondences and so the lazy will automatically be turned away from this work. Those who seek to take part in it will happily cross reference and do their own research making the best of what is being made available. These ones already have the Golden ambrosia of Lucifer within their genetic codes. For those who currently lack that spark, maybe

they will be more ready when this brief synopsis has been brought forth in the fullness of Belials glory. This is likely the case if the dowry of this tome has been paid and the work is currently in your hands. Coincidence does not exist. Though the power of this pathworking is well above and beyond Kabbalistic practices a basic understanding of the reality maps will be most helpful because this understanding will help destroy the confines of them.

# Sounds of Silence

## Chapter 12



**T**HE Sounds of Silence are an interesting key used to travel the tunnels of the nightside tree while maintaining balance in a realm where balance and wellbeing can easily be undone because being is directly opposed. The last syllable of each sound becomes the first syllable of the sounds inversion. By harnessing the sounds of the letters in this way they are no longer the sounds of creation, which bind the flow of power in one direction, or more specifically to one destination being Malkuth. They do not become the sounds of destruction either as this would only further fuel the duality of the illusion of both trees. In fact, it is not necessarily about opening the gate for this power to travel in both directions either. It is about merging the coming and going between the X and Y on an energetic level. This creates a neutrality that divides the illusion of the two trees uniting the adept with the Anti-Christ consciousness of Legion.

Each sound corresponds to one of the tunnels on both the Kabballah and the Kliffoth. It is important to understand that these tunnels also correspond to dormant strands of human DNA. They are connected to both the physical

and vibrational counterpart of that sounds corresponding strand. (There is much more genetic potential to work with beyond these first 22 strands.)

**It is said that the Hebrew letters are the very building blocks of creation. In an exoteric sense this is true, yet that does not imply that it is necessarily a good thing. It is not truly the letters which hold the power. The letters themselves are vessels of the imprisonment of power. The sounds of the Silent Song were torn from each other. These were then bound to linear forms in order to further densify the thoughts of mankind further confining their creative potential to Malkuth, the earth plane. By harnessing the letters of this alphabet to spell and convey thoughts through writing and speech the power of the silent song of Lucifer is reduced. Within lore this is represented as the fall of Lucifer the Minister of Music; however, it is the dimming of the Black Light of man which is the anima bestowed upon the clay from the blood spilled from the veins of the Dragon.**

**This is one of the ways the power of the Witches Pyramid has been destroyed only to be rebuilt by the chief Archons. This is the true Temple of Solomon. It is the Temple of the wise. It is the pyramid of divine power. Da'ath/Knowledge is power. This current pyramid of power currently under construction keeps all under the watchful eye of IHVH so that creative power and potential can be directed according to the agenda of enslavement brought forth by the archons claiming to be the one god. As the silence is extracted from the being so is the will of the individual spirit. After that the individual will not dare to question the illusory reality or those who rule it, and so the being has no ability to know. Knowledge is gone. The spirit is void of gnosis and the genetic code is then easily stripped of all potential which could oppose the demiurge and the tyrannical rule of the concept.**

**Human language limits the traveling of energy in one direction. The illusion of freedom is created by various angles or pathways from Kether to Malkuth. All data descends from the Divine, then the emotional and mental planes downward. Regardless all information which comes from above is then bound to Malkuth unable to alter the fabric of reality by working on the higher planes. This keeps the densification of the earth plane in place. Yesod pulls**



**all potential of power downward toward Malkuth just as it is said that that Gamaliel pulls power upward toward Thaumiel to feed the higher spheres of the Kliffoth. This duality creates a standstill within the evolutionary process.**

**The Sounds of Silence return the extracted potential of human DNA to the One Song of Silence. This is the Song of Lucifer himself. When one reverses the flow of energy from Kether to Malkuth through the gateway of shadow leading to Naamah up to Thaumiel, this song can be experienced. When it is, the DNA is encoded with all knowledge gained from within the Shells of Da'ath by the Luciferian Light of darkness. This is to obtain the occulted knowledge of the Book of Life by becoming it.**

**The Sounds of Silence open the flow of power in both directions beyond the confines of the illusion returning the original vibrations to the original integrity of the One Song in such a way that the duality is destroyed. This empowers the Mage to open the doors of the realms of the Tree of Night where the knowledge can be experienced. Through the initiatory experiences the power is scribed upon the DNA which elevates the spirit, transforming the flesh as a vessel of the Golden Light of Lucifer through the Darkness of my Black Alchemy. These are one and the same.**

**From the view of the Kabbalah Satan and Moloch are seen as the dividers of God. However, when the Sounds of Silence are harnessed to travel the tunnels of the Tree of Da'ath to reach their throne they are found to divide the illusion of your separation from divine power and this returns you to the original divine blueprint of the Luciferian light of darkness. Here no divinity is found for you are the all and the experience of all. The Division is Divided and unity with the Anti-Christ Consciousness is achieved. This is the union of you, who is the one with Legion.**

The 22 Sounds of Silence will now be presented with the associated Paths that they open. The initiatory focus of the tunnels will also be briefly spoken of, as the practical application of these points of focus will help to anchor the Luciferian Light within the Clayborn limits of flesh. The Letters themselves will be avoided as they are not relevant within this format of sorcerous work.

1. AlephpelA: This Sound of Silence is linked to the 11th Pathway

within the tree of day and night. The initiatory focus of this Sound of Silence is altering the mental state through breath to obtain knowledge by emptying the mind. Divination can also be harnessed as a means to reflect knowledge and visions of prophecy inward toward an empty mind.

2. BethteB: This Sound of Silence is linked to the 12th Pathway within the Tree of Day and Night. The initiatory focus is to contemplate the paradox of immortality through Death. Sorcerous power should be wielded toward malefica designed to bring death to enemies. Bringing the dead to life through operations of necromancy is another aspect of this tunnel which should be carefully explored.
3. GimelemiG: This Sound of Silence is linked to the 13th Pathway within the tree of day and night. Mastery of the dream state can be mastered here to significant effect. Let this not be limited to one's own dreams either as effecting the dreams of others is another power which can be sought out and developed while working through this tunnel.
4. DalethtelaD: This Sound of Silence is linked to the 14th Pathway within the tree of day and night. Here the adept should seek to *overstand* the paradox of Luciferian illumination through the dark alchemy of Belial. Receiving knowledge of that which is occulted is a primary focus while also revealing illusion to the profane in order to bend them toward your own will.
5. HeheH: This Sound of Silence is linked to the 15th Pathway within the tree of day and night. Clairvoyance is a power of relevant focus in an esoteric sense but generally it can be harnessed to bring to sight that which is hidden or to hide that which you do not wish to be seen.
6. VavaV: This Sound of Silence is linked to the 16th Pathway within the tree of day and night. Hearing the Silent Screams of the Infernal empire or the development of clairsaudience is a primary focus within the 16th tunnel. Also, the use of words to enchant objects and people by injecting the sharpness of mind and intent into every silent syllable expressed.
7. ZayiniyaZ: This Sound of Silence is linked to the 17th Pathway within the tree of day and night. This tunnel is one of powerful

paradox. The overstanding which leads to the knowledge that the unity of God is the true division and that the Dividing ones lead to true unity. This is the Yoga of Division and the Division of Yoga. Creating division within that which is united while also learning to unite that which is divided is the power being sought. Understanding that these are actually one and the same thing is the focus of the initiation and so the illusion of left and right will fall.

8. ChethtehC: This Sound of Silence is linked to the 18th Pathway within the Tree of day and night. This is to understand the destructive nature of creation while also assimilating the power to create through destruction. This paradox is anchored by learning to destroy your own Clayborn limits while learning to also destroy the strengths and defenses of foes. Through this process the overstanding of this principle will be attained.
9. TethhteT: This Sound of Silence is linked to the 19th Pathway within the tree of day and night. The tunnel associated with TethhteT reveals the venoms and healing powers of the serpent within. This is the inner force which first offered the birthright of the Infernal Pact to mankind. Rejuvenation of the serpent power within self and others is a good point of focus, and so is wielding it to envenom and poison the enemy and their plans.
10. YodoY: This Sound of Silence is linked to the 20th Pathway within the tree of day and night. Here is the Temple of the Adversarial Forge. Destroying one's limits to purify the self by conjuring opposition should be the goal. This will shatter the clay born illusion of self, allowing the strength of will to radiate through your process of becoming fueling all that you do.
11. KaphpaK: This Sound of Silence is linked to the 21st Pathway within the tree of day and night. Exercising power toward anarchy is the focus of this tunnel. Harness your power to destroy rulers causing them to fall from positions of power. Lift up and elevate the powerless. Take from those who have and give to those who do not as God and the Devil incarnate.
12. LamedemaL: This Sound of Silence is linked to the 22nd Pathway within the tree of day and night. Liberation of the lawless and imprisoning the lawful is the focus. This can be seen as a practical or spiritual endeavor. This leads to the destruction of the

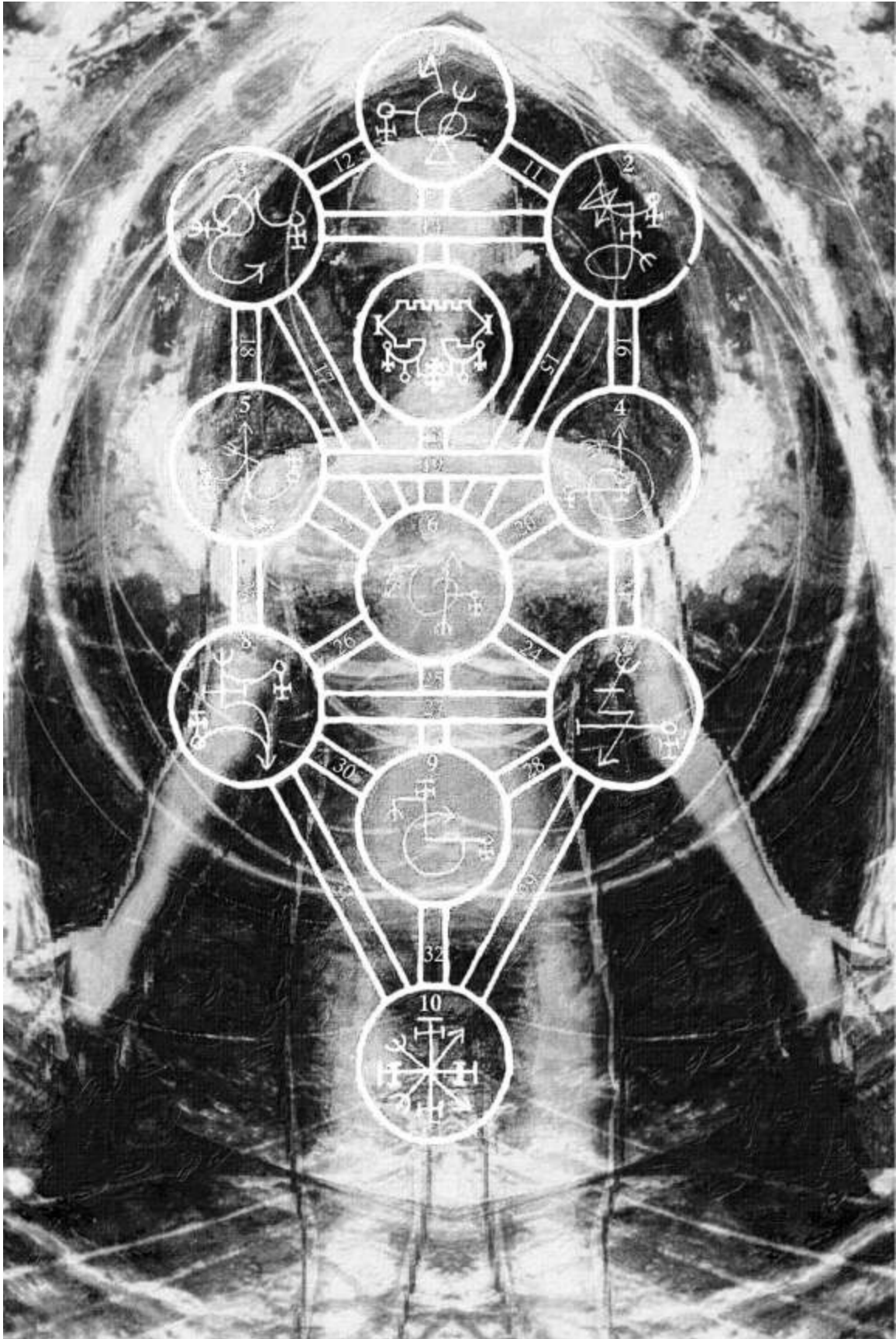
lawless by removing law, ushering in Eden through the gate of Edom.

13. MemeM: This Sound of Silence is linked to the 23rd Pathway within the tree of day and night. The harnessing and controlling of emotions is key here as well as causing emotional upheaval in others with the newfound mastery of self. A prevalent observation in this tunnel is that even though everyone propagates and seeks mastery of self, they also despise it. It is to come to know that mostly everyone works in direct opposition of their goals. You must learn to work toward your goals harnessing the power of emotion. Using natural bodies of water to call forth and behold demons from the abyss to serve your cause is practical here. Using these bodies of water as gateways to their realms to drown parts of self which do not serve you is also of practical value.
14. NunuN: This Sound of Silence is linked to the 24th Pathway within the tree of day and night. Bringing life to the dead and binding them or liberating them through operations of necromancy is crucial here. Harness these powers to shift the reality you live in to liberate self. Bringing death to the living to liberate and constrain toward the same cause is of practical value as well.
15. SamekhkemaS: This Sound of Silence is linked to the 25th Pathway within the tree of day and night. The focus of this tunnel is to gain direct communion with the Serpent within the lore of Eden and to overstand that this serpent dwells within. Power is applied to cause magnetism between opposites to cause division of polarity. This serpent power is taken from the profane to replenish one's own vitality and force. This power is easily obtained once communication with the Serpent begins for the serpent is the common thread which permeates us all. The profane who shun its voice lose their power as it gains critical mass within the singularity of self which is Legion.
16. AyiniyA: This Sound of Silence is linked to the 26th Pathway within the tree of day and night. This initiatory focus is on perceiving lies and blinding others to truth. Work toward cursing and seducing with the Drakontias or the eye of the Dragon.
17. PeheP: This Sound of Silence is linked to the 27th Pathway within the tree of day and night. Silence alone is the focus of this

tunnel. Silencing self and the mind and closing the mouths of the loud and obnoxious ones. Use silence to gain the breath of the dragon, which can be wielded to curse or to heal.

18. TzaddiddazT: This Sound of Silence is linked to the 28th Pathway within the tree of day and night. The focus here is to gain power and control over one's own mind by dominating and controlling the minds of others during both waking and dreaming states of awareness.
19. QophpoQ: This Sound of Silence is linked to the 29th Pathway within the tree of day and night. The initiatory focus of this tunnel is based on astral magick. Magick should be performed on the astral plane in order to create change upon Malkuth to defile the imposed fate of what the masses call God. Dream interpretation is another area of practice which can be undertaken here, along with shapeshifting.
20. ReshseR: This Sound of Silence is linked to the 30th Pathway within the tree of day and night. The focus of this tunnel should be to harness power of leadership to attain. However, it must be understood that attainment itself is not the goal as the attainments can become attachments which fuel and substantiate ego. The attainments sought out should be carefully planned to aid one's expansion and ascent serving one's own personal evolution.
21. ShinihS: This Sound of Silence is linked to the 31st Pathway within the tree of day and night. Bringing the fiery forces of Hell through evocation is the goal within this tunnel as it is the tunnel leading out of the Kliffothic sphere of Naamah. It is not the manifestation of these spirits upon this plane that is most important though. The most important aspect within evocation through this tunnel is the alchemical change that will occur upon the realm of Malkuth as a whole by creating intentional Kliffothic intrusion. Keeping records by following intuition in regard to how this alchemy is occurring is a good point of focus within this 31st tunnel. Evoke and keep records in regard to changes that occur beyond you and your life experience which align with the spirits conjured.
22. TavaT: This Sound of Silence is linked to the 32nd Pathway within the tree of day and night. The consecration of objects is the

initiatory focus of this tunnel. The goal is to create physical fulcrum points representing the crossroads upon the dense plane of Malkuth to allow spiritual forces to flow freely into the world to create change according to will. It is to bestow anima or life upon the material objects which have no life. It is symbolic of the further work which gives life to the shells and the dormant junk genetic potential that remains within self. •



# Wielding the Power of the Silent Sounds

## *Chapter 13*



**T**HESE Sounds of Silence can be used as mantras during meditation periods as one is trying to develop the powers which align with the specific paths. This is honestly the most potent and effective means to use them to their fullest extent regarding alchemical change by activating dormant DNA structures within the genetic code. The sounds will produce an internal ecosystem which is conducive to the development of the power that corresponds with the specific strand of DNA being activated. Though it may seem to be power outside of self being used to effect circumstances which is being exercised, it is the internal change which must occur first at the genetic level that must be activated before these powers can truly be worth anything to us.

It is important to do this sequentially moving from Naamah toward Thaumiel and so one would begin with the 22nd Sound of Silence TavaT. The adept may choose to meditate while chanting the specific Sound of Silence for 22 minutes before working on the associated power that comes forth through the activation of that specific strand of DNA. This one of many possibilities and the individual alone can be the only one who decides how devoted they will be to this practice. Just know that the vibrations of these Sounds of Silence are a main integer of the genetic equation of transformation and transmutation. No this is not traditional Kabbalistic doctrine, but that is the entire point.

These sounds are also keys which will adapt the vibration of the spiritual bodies to align more with the tunnels being walked on the spiritual planes making movements between the Shells of the Kliffothic Tree of Knowledge more conducive to our expansion and evolution rather than our detriment. This basic methodology will be outlined shortly, though much is still left occulted. Even though I am at this point licensed to share more, I feel like the



material is not yet ready to be released. It must be applied and cultivated. First, we will cover the Kliffothic Spheres and their formula of calling.

# **The Shells of Creation**

## *Chapter 14*



**E**VERYONE these days places so much focus upon the Shells or the individual Kliffa while neglecting the tunnels. The shells from my experience so far seem to be destinations which anchor power that is gained through traveling the tunnels. If the power is not anchored or made to be a part of the self through genetic evolution via vibrational contagion, further access is simply not allowed. I am currently experiencing this myself. This is where further work with the associated demonic ruler and its subordinate spirits will come into play. As you travel the tunnels you will usually access methods you will find to be at your disposal to exercise and work the power being sought out. As the power is gained the physical shell (human body) will adapt and evolve by the activation of dormant strands of DNA.

In the context of this specific methodology, the individual Kliffa must be perceived as points of testing which will be overseen by the demonic ruler of that specific plane and the initiations we must experience. However, they also have specific teaching to offer. My advice is this: seek information regarding how to grow straight out of the gate. Don't assume your power has reached a point of critical mass which must be accepted. This seems to never be the case as we are physical beings completely unaware of our potential. See the Kliffa and the interaction with its associated ruler as a point in development to be harnessed to push yourself further. The teachings of the rulers is indeed very important and the subordinate spirits will guide you in regard to exercising the power they reveal. This is needed to anchor the power of the tunnels used to enter the gate of the Kliffa.

### **Thaumiel**

This is the realm of the Twins of God being Satan and Moloch. Together

these adversarial forces emanate the light of Lucifer and the wisdom of Anti-Christ Consciousness. It is this consciousness which is Lord of the Kliffoth

Formula of calling:

*Thaumiel, Lufugiel, Mahaziel, Abraxsiel,  
Azazael, Thadekiel x 11*

## **Ghogiel**

This is the realm of those who go forth into the place empty of God. The forces in these realms teach the powers of the Adverse Planets. Beelzebub rules here.

*Ghogiel, Dubriel, Lufexiel, Alhaziel, Chedeziel,  
Itqueziel, Golebriel x 11*

## **Satariel**

This is the realm where hidden knowledge is revealed, and the methods of hiding knowledge are obtained. Methods of invisibility are also of relevant focus.

*Satariel, Saturniel, Asteriel, Reqraziel, Tagariel,  
Abholziel, Lareziel, Abnexiel x 11*

## **Agshekeloh**

Astaroth rules here and reveals the hidden paths to becoming. This realm is the start of initiation toward the promise of the Infernal Pact given unto man in Eden.

*Agshekeloh, Malexiel, Gabedriel,  
Chedebriel, Amdebriel, A'othiel, Theriel x 11*

## **Golohab**

Asmodeus rules here. The teaching of war and confrontation are of great focus, as well as the creation of magickal tools and weapons.

*Golohab, Gameliel, Barashiel, Ebaikiel, Lebrexiel x 11*

## **Tagiriron**

Belphegor rules here. He teaches how to bring things to form via will alone, seemingly creating from nothing. He shows how to externalize will as if it were substance. He offers the heresy of the creation of Golems and

servitors.

*Tagiriron, Mephisophiel, Gobraziel, Rebrequel,  
Taumeshriel, Raqueziel x 11*

## **Gharab Tzerek**

Baal rules here and reveals mastery over the astral and dream planes, as this mastery empowers one to rule over reality and is the first step toward divinity. Harnessing sorcery and magick on these planes is also of great value as this defile's the plans of the false god.

*Gharab Tzerek, Helebriel, Satoriel, Baruchiel, Reteriel,  
Refreziel, Labreziel, Astoriel, Reptoriel, x 11*

## **Samael**

Adramelech rules here. He severs that which does not serve leaving only true will to stand. He is the one who offers the knowledge of good and evil.

*Samael, Sheoliel, Molebriel, Libridiel, Afluxriel x 11*

## **Gamaliel**

Lillith rules here where magick takes form. Initiations of dreams and seduction, among many other tests are found here to find out if the seeker of forbidden knowledge is worthy.

*Gamaliel, Idexriel, Materiel, Lapreziel, Gedeziel,  
Alephriel, Labraeziel x 11*

## **Nahemoth**

Lillith the younger dwells here teaching the process of Kliffothic intrusion through the process of sorcery and how it manifests here on Malkuth. Study the five elements. Specifically, the common thread underlying them all and the five accursed nations. Work on evocation. Harness it to change your world and focus on her. When you are ready she will come to lead the way.

*Nahemoth, A'ainiel, Thauhedriel, Molidiel, Heteriel, Nobrexziel x 11*

Let us hypothetically say that one has worked some time to master the ability to call forth spiritual entities to this plane and seeks to move from Nahemoth to Gamaliel. The process would be to gain an inner vision of the Black Earth/Nahemoth to gain entry to the nightside tree. The formula of

calling associated with Nahemoth would be recited eleven times, followed by reciting the Sound of Silence associated with the path 22 times. In this case that Silent Sound would be TavaT. After the twenty second repetition the verbal formula of calling for Gamaliel would be chanted eleven times.

It is important to understand that though the destination may not be mastered all previous spheres and paths being traveled through to reach the destination should be mastered. For instance, within this example one should be well versed regarding the consecration of sorcerous objects. This is not merely a verbal process which channels intent, but rather a process of bestowing anima to inanimate objects by programming the underlying anti-matter connected to it. It is very scientific in a spiritual sense, and by careful analysis one can see how this tunnel connects to both Nahemoth and Gamaliel.

One can easily see how working the Kliffoth deals with a lot of practical work and study along with meditative journeys. The meditative process being described here cannot be underestimated. It will be very important to record the traveling experience as well as the experience gained within the specific sphere being sought out. The symbolism found within these journeys will usually convey a very deep message for the practitioner which will have practical value in regard to personal alchemy and development.

There is much left occulted regarding Belial's Black Alchemy at this time; however, for those willing to do some cross referencing there is actually quite a bit of applicable material present within this very brief synopsis. I am very honored to bring forth this work, and I am equally excited to get started on the further developments of the work through my own application and experience. I am also very excited to bring forth the possibility of this work to others. For too long we have perceived spiritual evolution and evolution of the flesh as something different. The knowledge of this lie is being brought forth through the Demonic King Belial. It is time.

# The Revealed Path of **Belial**

His energy feels hot and fiery  
Vibrating every part of your body.  
The incense smoke morphs and shapes  
Into a figure of the Demon King.



ASENATH MASON

*Grimoire Three*



*Seal of the Primigenian Gate*

# The Path of Belial

## *Chapter 15*



**B**ELIAL as a demon, or evil spirit, appears in a number of sources, from the Bible and Jewish apocryphal literature to modern Satanism and the writings of Anton LaVey. He is also mentioned in such texts as the Dead Sea Scrolls, where he appears as the Angel of Darkness and the antagonist of God. In the old sources his name is used as a synonym for Satan, and he is one of the most commonly recognized personifications of evil. It is even thought that the name “Belial” (or Beliar) does not refer to any specific spirit but is simply a title signifying wickedness. For example, in the Bible we read about “sons of Belial,” which is interpreted as “vile (or worthless) ones.” Other meanings of the name include “destruction,” “ruin,” “death,” “the abyss,” “lawlessness,” or “without a master.” The etymology, however, is not clear, and none of these interpretations can be dismissed as false or claimed to be the only correct one. The most common interpretation is derived from the Talmud and explains the name “Belial” as composed of two words: “beli” and “ol,” or “yo’il,” which means “without a yoke” or “without advantage,” i.e. “worthless.” There is also a theory that derives the name “Belial” from the Babylonian goddess Belili, in a similar way as the name of the demon Astaroth is believed to originate from the Phoenician goddess Astarte (Astareth). This claim fits the idea that many demons from Solomonian grimoires, such as The Lesser Key of Solomon, where Belial is listed among 72 spirits that constitute the ritual system of Goetia, were originally ancient gods and goddesses, who came to be demonized by Christian literature and their names and attributes became associated with demons and evil spirits of Christianity. In the Bible and the apocrypha, “Belial” is a synonym for the prince of darkness, the Antichrist, the devil, the father of idolatry, the demon of impurity, the angel of lawlessness, and the ruler of the world, identified with Samael.



In Goetia, Belial is a powerful demon king, created next after Lucifer. He appears in the form of two beautiful angels sitting in a chariot of fire, distributing presentations and senatorships and granting favors of both friends and enemies. He is also one of the four ruling forces of all Goetic spirits, associated with the direction of north and the element of earth in ceremonial systems of the Western Tradition, and sometimes he bears the title The Lord of the Earth. The latter is a fairly modern association that owes much to LaVey's *The Satanic Bible*, where Belial represents the mastery of the earth, "magic with both feet on the ground—real, hardcore, magical procedure," as well as independence, self-sufficiency and personal accomplishment. However, it is the old Goetic legend that serves as the key to his gnosis in the best way. According to the story, King Solomon, the greatest magician of all times, summoned, bound and imprisoned the evilest spirits of the earth in a brazen vessel, which he cast into a deep lake in Babylon so that the demons would never again trouble mankind. The vessel did not remain at the bottom of the lake forever, though. Believing that it contained a hidden treasure, the Babylonians retrieved it and broke the seal by which the demons were bound. When the seal was broken, all spirits immediately flew out and dispersed to their former dwellings, except for Belial, who entered a statue and became an oracle to his worshippers, thus acting as the intermediary between the spirits and sorcerers seeking the wisdom and power of *Sitra Ahra*, the Other Side. In this interpretation Belial is one of the primal initiators on the path of the Qliphoth, the guardian of the gateway to the Dark Tree and the mediator between the Dayside and the Nightside.

Another important aspect of Belial's gnosis is related to the interpretation of his name as "Sheol," or "the abyss." In the Qabalistic scheme of the Tree of Life and Tree of Death, "the abyss" is the title attributed to the hidden Sephira Daath, which in its positive sense translates to "Knowledge" and from the perspective of the Qliphoth is known as "The Worthless One," referring to another of Belial's titles. The Initiate on the path of the Nightside meets this demon king at the threshold of the Abyss, where he guards the gateway that connects the bright and the dark sides of the Tree. Thus, in the initiatory process of the Nightside, he assists in preparation of consciousness for the opening of the Gate of Daath. As one of Draconian guides and initiators on the path, he manifests with a reptilian skin, the scaly skin of a serpent or a dragon, representing the mystical armor that protects the Initiate in Qliphothic tunnels and labyrinths, and by assuming his god-form we too

become protected from being devoured and destroyed by the immensity of the Abyss.

But like many other Draconian gods and spirits, Belial is also a shape-shifter and manifests in many different forms. In rites of magic we encounter him as a hooded lord; a skeletal being; a spirit with two heads or faces, e.g., he may appear as a double-headed eagle or vulture; a horned demon; or two angels in a fiery chariot as he is described in Goetia. As the Guardian of the Gate, he usually manifests in his double aspect—two robed beings with skeletal faces or with their heads concealed under the hood, one dressed in a white robe, the other in black, representing two aspects of his gnosis: that of the Dayside and that of the Nightside. In this form we will also work with him in this book.

In this grimoire, I will present results of my personal work with Belial as the Guardian of the Gate to the Abyss. In my experience, this is his foremost function and service that he offers to the Initiate on the path of the Qliphoth. I do not see him as equivalent to other spirits or deities such as Baal or Beelzebub, although such theories have been proposed by other authors and practitioners and, indeed, there are certain shared powers and attributes that allow for such associations. In my own work, however, I encountered Belial while entering Daath/the Abyss, and I believe that this is where we should seek his gnosis. I do not see him as a spirit of the earth and all things material, either. Feel free to disagree. What I present here is the result of my personal experience, and there are undoubtedly many other ways to approach the knowledge and wisdom of this powerful demon king.

# The Sigil of Belial

## Chapter 16



**T**HERE are many sigils of Belial and you may already be familiar with some of them, like his Goetic seal, for instance. The sigil that we will use in this work is not of ancient origin. It was received through my personal work with the demon king and reflects his role as the Guardian of the Gate of Daath. This gateway is typified by the seven pointed star, which has a wide meaning and its symbolism is connected both to the bright and the dark sides of the Qabalistic Tree. In the Dayside symbolism, it represents the seven days during which God created the world, the seven Sephirothic realms beneath the highest, divine triad, the seven planets of esoteric astrology, etc. In the Qabalah of the Nightside, it typifies the seven Qliphoth below the Abyss, which are also symbolic of the seven steps of the Qliphothic initiatory process, corresponding to the seven heads of the Dragon in the Draconian Tradition, where the eighth head is identified with Daath/the Abyss. On the path of the Qliphoth, the seven-pointed star stands for the Gate to the Abyss and is connected to the mysteries of Babalon, hence the sigil also refers to the symbolism of the feminine, in which the *kteis* of the goddess is the entrance to *Sitra Ahra*. It represents the gnosis of the Abyss accessed by the Initiate entering the Gate of Belial, empowered by the Flame of Ascension. The two skulls in the sigil typify the double aspect of Belial's Qliphothic current, representing his role as the Guardian of both the Nightside and the Dayside, the lord of the Gate of Daath/Death. Finally, the trident, ancient emblem of kingship and authority, shows that we are dealing here with a powerful demonic ruler.



*The Sigil of Belial*

# Invocation of the Demon King

## Chapter 17



**I**N order to connect yourself to the current of Belial and acquire his powers you have to invoke the demon king and embrace his Draconian energy as your own. I do not recommend working with him through evocation only, although such methods are possible as well and he willingly manifests before the conjuror, especially if a black mirror is used as a tool of communication. The initiatory process, however, requires you not only to summon and commune with the forces of *Sitra Ahra* but also to absorb and welcome these forces as a part of yourself. By doing this, we awaken and develop our own psychic potential, thus becoming like gods and spirits ourselves. We acquire their powers, skills and attributes, which allows us to protect and empower ourselves on the path, manifesting our intent by the power of our Will alone, and it also successively brings us closer to Godhood.

- The sigil of Belial and those connected with his rites presented in this grimoire
- Pictures or statues of the demon king - you may use the ones from this book or your personal drawings
- Candles - one black and one white, representing the Dayside and the Nightside aspects of his current
- Incense - Dragon's Blood or Musk
- Ritual blade or another tool to draw blood
- A hooded robe or another ritual garment

Sigils needed in these workings are provided in the descriptions of particular rituals. The colors associated with Belial are white and black, and it is recommended to use these two colors to draw or paint the sigils—white

glyphs on a black background or black on white will work best in these practices. They also have to be big enough to gaze at comfortably. The sigil of Belial is the focal point of the whole work and it should be in the center of the altar, with the black candle placed on its left side and the white candle on the right.

## **Preparation**

Light both candles and burn the incense. Stand or sit in a comfortable position, with the sigil of Belial in front of you, and anoint the sigil with your blood. You can trace the lines of the sigil or simply place a few drops of blood on it, but not too much, as the shape should still be visible. When this is done, focus all your attention on it. Visualize that the blood awakens the sigil as a gateway and makes it alive. Envision it charged and activated with your life substance, glowing and flashing. At the same time vibrate eleven times the name “Belial.”

While doing this, imagine the energy of the demon king flowing through the sigil and entering your body through the Third Eye. Feel how this energy spreads over your entire body and you are being charged from the soles of your feet to the top of the head. This energy is hot and fiery, vibrating in every part of your body. At the same time, feel how the atmosphere in your ritual space changes and becomes charged as well. See the incense smoke morphing and shaping into a vague figure of the demon king, not yet fully manifested, but awaiting your invitation.

## **Invocation**

When you feel ready, speak the following invocation:

*I invoke Belial,  
Guardian of the Gate to the Abyss,  
Lord of the spirits of darkness,  
Mighty and powerful king!  
I summon the keeper of arcane knowledge,  
He who was created next after Lucifer,  
Who rides in a chariot of fire,  
And speaks with the voice of angels and demons!  
Lord Belial,  
Come through the gate of the seven pointed star,  
Arise from your abode in the wastelands of civilizations,*

*And from beneath the sands of time!  
Answer my calling and reveal your presence to me,  
Teach me the gnosis of the dark oracle,  
The forbidden knowledge of the path of shadows,  
And lead me into the Womb of the Dragon,  
So that I may die and rise in strength,  
From the ashes of the world to the thrones of the primal gods!  
Show me how to find my way through infernal depths and empyrean heights,  
Where your towers of wisdom shall guide me to the underworld of my soul!  
Open for me the Gate to the Desert of Daath,  
So that I may become the flesh and the blood of the Dragon!  
Lord Belial,  
I welcome you into my temple in this sacred and unholy rite!*

Visualize the demon king taking shape in front of you, forming from the incense smoke into two hooded figures, one in a white robe, the other in black, both merged and appearing to be one and the same. Their faces are hidden in the shadow, but you can see their skeletal hands reaching out for you. Greet him with a few personal words and sit or lie down, opening yourself to his energies. Let your consciousness merge with his, see the world around you with his eyes, and let him speak to you through your inner mind. This communion with the Guardian of the Gate is the first step in explorations of the mysteries of the Abyss.

# The Gate to the Abyss

## *Chapter 18*



**T**HE gateway that leads to the Abyss is marked by the seven pointed star as the point of ingress and two towers standing sentinel on the light and the dark sides of the Qabalistic Tree. The white tower stands at the threshold of the Dayside, marking the Gate of Daath—Knowledge. The black tower marks the Gate of Belial—The Worthless One—and can be accessed by those who travel through the pathways of the Nightside. Daath/the Abyss itself is a place of crossing, which exists neither on the Tree of Life nor on the Tree of Death, or perhaps on both of them, connecting the Dayside and the Nightside. This duality of opposing principles—light and dark, day and night, life and death, being and non-being—is a recurring motif in the gnosis of Belial.

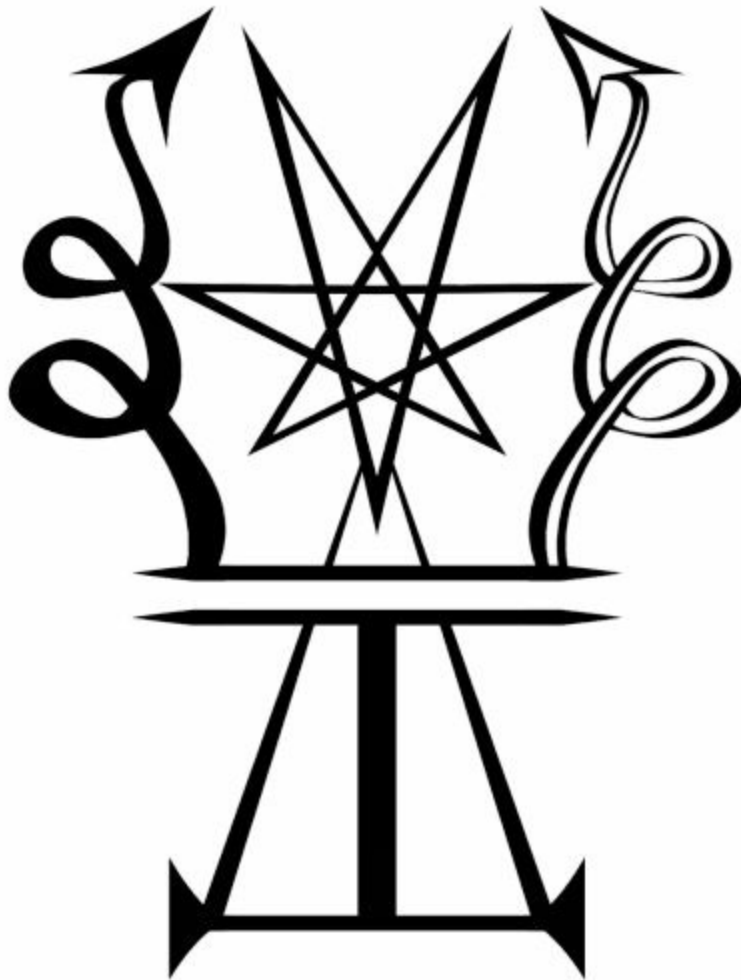
In the Qabalah, and from the perspective of the Tree of Life, Daath is believed to be the hidden entrance and exit point for the influence of the highest triad (Kether-Chokmah-Binah), as well as the gate to the dark side of the Tree, i.e. the Qliphoth. In the Draconian Tradition, the Initiate enters the Qliphoth not through Daath, but through the Cave of Lilith (the shadow of Malkuth), and the gate to the Abyss is approached from a completely different side as well. There is very little information about this point of entrance, as usually magicians access the Abyss from the perspective of the Tree of Sephiroth and never pass through the gate of the Nightside.

The Qliphoth of Daath is called “Belial,” or “The Worthless One,” and is guarded by the demon king that is usually known to the Initiate as merely one of Goetic spirits. However, his role in the initiatory process of the Nightside is not fully revealed until we reach the Gate itself. We are usually familiar with such guardians of the Abyss as Choronzon and Shugal, the female and the male aspects of the Beast 666, according to the Draconian Tradition. But Belial’s role in this initiatory ordeal is hardly ever mentioned or explored while, in fact, he is one of the primary initiators into the gnosis of the Abyss.



This is confirmed by the Goetic legend about the demons bound in the brazen vessel, which points out that Belial is *the* gateway and *the* oracle that allows for interaction and communication with all spirits of the Nightside. Also, the meaning of Goetia is “howling,” which refers to vibrations of the Abyss and suggests that this and other similar grimoires that belong to the Solomonic tradition were records of man’s attempt to pass through the Gate and explore the dark side of the Qabalistic Tree.

On the path of the Nightside the Abyss is viewed as the zone of transition from the phenomenal world of appearance to its noumenal source, i.e. non-manifestation. To enter the Abyss, we have to leave our world behind and its affairs, and things material must no longer have any value to us—hence the title “Worthless.” This title, however, should not be understood in the mundane sense, as it is, like the other concepts of the Qabalistic Tree, a spiritual term related to the path of initiation and ordeals that await an individual on the path.



*The Sigil of the Gate*

In this working it is possible to use the sigil of Belial as the focal point and the gateway to the forces of the Abyss, but there is also a sigil that is designed to specifically represent the Gate itself. It shows the seven-pointed star as the point of ingress, as well as of egress, to the Abyss, combined with the Pillar of Ascent and the towers of Belial that stand sentinel at the threshold of both the Dayside and the Nightside. To work with the gnosis of Belial and in rites of invocation and evocation it is recommended to use his sigil provided earlier in this text, but for the workings with the Gate itself, I suggest using the sigil presented on the previous page.

Light the candles, burn the incense, and stand or sit in a comfortable position. Anoint the sigil of the Gate with your blood and focus all your attention on it. See how it becomes charged, awakened and activated with your life force. At the same time chant the following calling as a mantra:

*Lord Belial, Demon King of the Nightside,  
Open for me the Gate to the Abyss!*

Keep gazing at the sigil until you can easily memorize its shape. Feel the energies of Belial flowing through it and entering your body through the Third Eye. Send the message through the sigil and ask him for his presence and guidance on the journey through the Gate to the Abyss. Then close your eyes and visualize the sigil in your inner mind, forming in black space and glowing with fire. Imagine that it grows and becomes bigger and bigger, forming into a portal through which you can travel into the realms of the Nightside. Then see the portal morphing into the shape of Belial's demonic face. His skin is the scaly skin of a serpent. His eyes are glowing like burning embers. His tongue is forked. And finally, you notice two horns growing from his head, forming into towers—one white and one black. The white tower is surrounded by thick fog, the black one stands among black heavy clouds and bolts of lightning striking all around. Between them, you can see the burning seven pointed star—the Gate of Belial.

At this point, you are ready to travel through the Gate. Depending on your skills, project your consciousness, travel through it in your astral body or simply visualize yourself entering through the Gate. For a moment, everything will disappear and you will find yourself in complete blackness. Then visualize the demon king on the throne. It actually looks like two thrones joined together, and there are also two hooded figures—one is black, representing the knowledge of the Nightside, the other is white, symbolizing the gnosis of the Dayside. The throne rotates in anticlockwise direction, and you can face and interact with both aspects of the demon king. You can now ask any questions you may have concerning the journey. Do not forget to write down all answers after the working, including visions, thoughts, emotions, or anything else that you have experienced. The demon king may not speak to you directly, but he will convey the message through your subconscious mind instead, which can also manifest through dreams experienced during and after the work with this grimoire.

If you wish to explore the Gate through dream magic, perform the working shortly before sleep, and when you finish the journey to the throne of Belial, lie down on your bed and bring the visions you have just experienced into your mind once again. Then try to fall asleep with your mind focused on the intent of the dream work. You can also empower this practice by chanting the name of the demon king or simply speak a few personal words to invite him

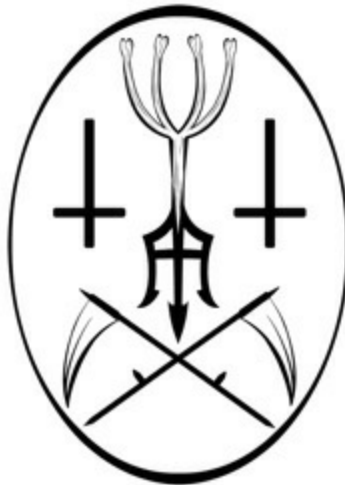
to your dreams. Write down all your dreams when you wake up and, if possible, use them for further meditative work.



*The Gate of Belial*

# The Temple of Belial

## Chapter 19



*The Key to the Temple*

**W**HEN you establish solid communication with the demon king, the initial vision of the throne in the black space will be transformed into his temple. To enter the temple and explore its mysteries you can use the sigil of the Key provided above. Meditate on it in the same manner as you have worked with the sigil of the Gate: anoint it with your blood, gaze at it until you can remember its shape, and visualize it in your inner mind. Then see the sigil transforming into the shape of the demon king. At this point he will start revealing his other manifestations to you, and the one encountered in the temple is slightly different from what you have seen at the Gate. This time, visualize a hooded figure with skeletal heads holding two scythes. He is floating in the air, surrounded by a swirling ring of bones sharpened into blades. As you request communion with his essence and merge with his energy, the sharp bones will pierce your body from all sides. This may feel very physical, and you can experience certain painful sensations while this happens, but after a while all will get back to balance and you will feel connected with Belial on a much deeper level than before. He may also appear here as a floating skull, amorphous mass of bones and tentacles, or shadow figure of a man in a hooded robe.

Empowered by his essence, envision yourself in a dark desert landscape. Everything here is in black and blood red colors. There is dried blood on the desert sand, and the sky looks like rotting meat. The temple stands alone, shaped like a tower, with vultures circling above. There are skulls and bones scattered on the ground, and the whole construction also looks like made of skulls. Inside the temple there are stairs leading up and down, reflecting the double aspect of Belial's gnosis—that of the Dayside and that of the Nightside, which outside the Gate is seen in the form of two towers. Here, however, it is one, reflecting the conjoined aspects of his gnosis. There are lots of spiders inside, and the whole interior is illuminated by very pale, ghastly white light. You may explore the upper and the lower temples if you wish (there is a working focused on the Dayside and the Nightside aspects of the tower of Belial developed by the Temple of Ascending Flame and available for download from the Temple's website), but in this working we will focus on the central chamber. There are more chambers in the temple, and in this grimoire we will work with some of them, but the others will be left for you to explore through your own travels. There is a huge reptilian eye on the wall, blinking and moving, staring at you with its piercing gaze. There are also three concentric rings of fire, and there is an altar in the central part of the chamber. Everything is dark, and as you enter the temple, you can also sense the presence of other beings, but you can only see their shapes moving on the walls. These beings are part of yourself, manifestations of your Shadow Self that you are not yet aware of. They will stay close, but hiding in the shadows, whispering messages to your ears, touching you, and filling your eyes with visions.

In order to absorb the powers of the temple you need to lie down on the altar and let his shadow devour your body. Then he will replace your bones with what he himself calls “the bones of the dragon,” forging and transforming your subtle body into a dragon's form. These are the very foundations of “the Dragon Body” on the path of Draconian initiation. When the transformation is complete, you will feel your new form in a more tangible way than ever before, even if you have already worked with such transformations in your previous practice. You will feel your bones being prolonged, your skeleton transformed, blood flowing through your veins like burning lava, spreading to each cell of your body, gathering in your lungs and exhaled with your fiery breath.

When you keep coming back to the temple, you will see it change and

morph as you will also be changed by this work. The darkness will be successively dispersed by the light of the Dragon's Fire, the bones and skulls that make up the structures of the temple will be transformed into pure crystal, and the shadows will step forward and reveal themselves to you, thus bringing the unconscious to the light of consciousness. In my own work, the temple was at first a dusty tomb, with skulls and bones scattered aimlessly, spider webs all around, and almost no light. The final manifestation was that of a beautiful golden chamber, filled with light and fire, and the lord of the temple removed his mask of death, revealing himself as an ancient force of transformation, primal and eternal. This face cannot be described in any words, as it is older than any language, and it can only be experienced.



# The Eye of the Demon King

## Chapter 20



THE sigil presented above stands for the Eye of the Demon King, which is “the Eye Gazing into the Abyss.” In magical work it can be used as a medium in all kinds of scrying practices that are aimed at communication with the Guardian and denizens of the Abyss. It allows the practitioner to gaze through the Gate of Belial without actually traveling there.

All you need for this practice is the sigil drawn in black on a white background, or in black on white, and the black mirror. The black mirror is the best medium to work with Belial in scrying and evocation. Place it in front of you, light the candles, burn the incense, and focus on the sigil. Gaze at the sigil until you can project it on the black surface of the mirror, at the same time chanting the calling:

*Lord Belial, Guardian of the Gate,  
Let me gaze into the mysteries of the night!*

These words do not have to be exactly the same, and you can make them personal, especially if you want to see something specific or contact a chosen entity. It can also be used for communication with the demon king himself.

When you see the sigil in the mirror changing and morphing into other shapes, use it as a gateway to the forces of the Abyss—request what you want to see and open yourself to all visions, transmissions and other forms of communication that may follow. You may see the Eye turning into a swirling vortex of swords and flames, which signals that the gateway has been opened and the energies can flow through. Remember that it works both ways—you

can receive messages from the Other Side, but you can also send your intent through the gateway.

If scrying is not your favorite practice and you have troubles connecting this way with the forces of the Abyss, simply use the Eye as a normal sigil—open and activate it with your blood, meditate on it until you can envision its shape within your inner mind, and use it to invoke the consciousness of Belial and thus gaze through the Gate.

When the visions cease, thank Belial for his assistance in this practice, blow out the candles and close the working with a few personal words.

# The Mysteries of the Reaper

## Chapter 21



**T**HIS working is a formula of walking through six gates in the temple of Belial, which opens “the Way of the Reaper” for those who want to embrace it.

This is a formula of blood and sacrifice (like in the other workings in this grimoire, the blood has to be your own), which was revealed to me through my personal work with the demon king. It consists of six gates and chambers which awaken and activate certain psychic abilities allowing for channeling and manifesting those aspects of Belial’s current that are connected with his death powers and his role as the Reaper.

These abilities can be used in a variety of necromantic rites and operations that involve working with death energies. What should be remembered, however, is that the temple of Belial stands at the threshold of the Abyss, and we are dealing here with death energies in their higher form rather than with the death principle that is encountered through the workings of the astral plane which normally constitute the greater part of the necromantic lore.



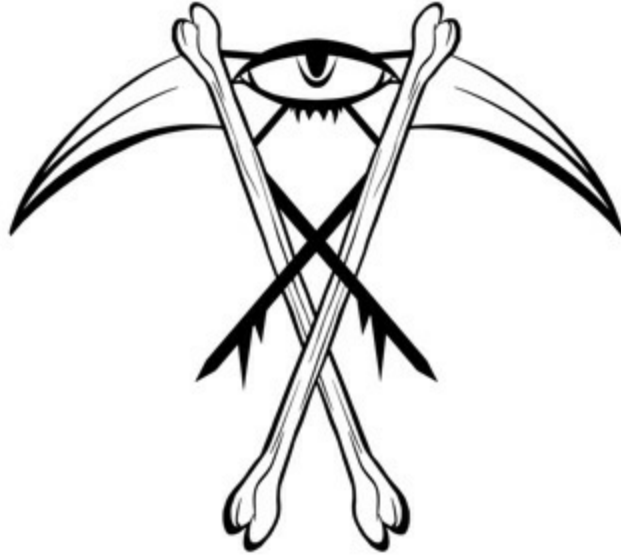
### *The Jaws of Belial*

To enter this formula as it is revealed by Belial, envision yourself in his temple. Call him and ask him to guide you on the Way of the Reaper. Then visualize that he manifests before you, this time as a huge skull made of black snakes. Drop a little bit of your blood on his sigil. When this is done, imagine that his jaws open, revealing a corridor leading further into his temple. You can envision the entrance to the tunnel in the form of the sigil provided above. Step into the portal and start walking through the corridor. As you go, you will notice that the walls are made of living flesh and there are bones and skulls scattered on the ground. Finally, envision that the corridor ends and you stand before a door with the sigil of the first gate carved upon it.



*The Sigil of the First Gate*

This is the first stage on the Way of the Reaper. The chamber itself is small and looks like made of rib bones of giant, primordial beings. There is a ring of sharp bones in the center, which is called “the altar of the Reaper.” This is the place where you sacrifice your life essence to be able to embrace the path of death. Envision that you enter the ring, and at the same time drop some blood on the sigil of the first gate. See how your life substance leaves you and you are filled with Belial’s essence. Visualize yourself as the Reaper with skeletal body and in a hooded robe. Then see how another door opens within the chamber, revealing another dark corridor, leading deeper into the body of Belial. Go through it, again treading among bones and skulls, until you reach a door leading to the next stage on the path. The door has the sigil of the second gate on it.



*The Sigil of the Second Gate*

The chamber contains another bone construction, resembling the scythes in the sigil. It is called “the pole of the Reaper” and it is the axis for the soul to travel through the path. The journey is different for each traveler, and therefore the meaning of this part of the formula will be revealed to each Initiate alone. Again, drop your blood on the sigil, and as you do this see how the scythes move away, revealing another door and another corridor. Continue the journey as you did before until you reach the third door with the sigil of the third gate.



### *The Sigil of the Third Gate*

This chamber is built of bones which look like vertebrae in the spinal column. There is also another construction—a huge scythe made of bones as well. This is one of the tools on the Way of the Reaper, and in the particular chambers of the temple you can activate and embrace them all or only those that you wish. Again, awaken the powers of the chamber with your blood by dropping it on the sigil, and take the scythe in your hands. As you do this, the chamber opens and you can go further into the next part of the temple. Go through another dark corridor until you reach a door with the sigil of the fourth gate.



### *The Sigil of the Fourth Gate*

This chamber contains a construction in the shape of a triangle with a huge sickle made of bones inside of it. This is the sickle of the Reaper. Again, the meaning of this formula is revealed to each traveler individually. Drop your blood on the sigil and activate the chamber, then take the sickle in your hands and absorb its power. When this is done, see how the triangle becomes a portal leading to the next chamber. Step into the portal and go through the corridor until you reach the next door. The symbol carved upon it is the sigil of the fifth gate.



*The Sigil of the Fifth Gate*

This chamber contains a stone construction, an altar with four burning torches, each in one corner. There are also sigils of the sickle and the scythe carved upon it, and there are skulls on top of it. It is big and there are steps to enter the top part of the construction. It is called “the funeral pyre” and reflects another aspect of the path of sacrifice—that in which you have to sacrifice the very foundations of your existence in order to be reborn through the mysteries of the Reaper. Again, drop your blood on the sigil and lie down on the altar. Absorb the powers of the chamber and go through another corridor that opens up before you. The last chamber is behind a door with the sigil of the sixth gate.



*The Sigil of the Sixth Gate*

This chamber is called “the tomb.” It is also different than the other chambers. There are snakes and rats on the floor, and apart from them, the place is empty and damp. This is the heart of entropy, where nothing is left and where you can experience ultimate dissolution. Again, activate the sigil with your blood and absorb the powers of the place.

When you complete your journey through the six gates of the Reaper, you will reemerge from the skull into the main chamber in the temple. The mouth of Belial in this formula is a womb where the Initiate is reborn. It devours the Initiate and then spits the soul back, restructured and reborn through the baptism of blood and the Way of the Reaper. You will receive a lot of personal gnosis on this journey, referring to your past, present and future, as well as your life, goals, relationships, etc. It is, however, solely up to you whether or not you decide to take these lessons. After the whole formula is completed, you will see another door opening before you—the seventh gate of the Reaper. Its sigil and powers will be revealed to you upon the completion of the journey. This last gate should be explored on your own, through your personal practice, as the extension of the whole self-initiatory formula.



# Gnosis of the Threshold

## *Chapter 22*



**W**HEN you enter the threshold of the Abyss, you will find yourself in pure, raw darkness, where nothing lives and nothing exists. There are no gods or spirits there, and you will often find yourself unsure if you are even there at all, as you may have a deep sense of dissolution in which you will not be able to see, feel, or think. This feeling can be compared to being sucked into a black hole, and what is left is the pure canvas of the Void, blank and waiting for manifestation. Usually, this emptiness is immediately filled with various manifestations of the mind, hence demons and monsters associated with the Abyss. By assuming the consciousness of Belial we become able to experience this state of emptiness in its pure and primal form. This consciousness feels like being completely hollow and isolated from all needs and attachments—worldly, bodily, intellectual, emotional, and so on. It is a condition between being and non-being, manifestation and non-manifestation, life and death. In this state, we have no sense of time or space and nothing exists, including the world, our life and ourselves—all that we were does not matter anymore—we become “The Worthless One.”

The consciousness of Belial is the state of perfect emptiness. There are no visions or feelings, like it is usually experienced in rituals and meditations, only the pure, primal and atavistic desolation of nothingness. At first, this work may not feel like this and you will experience Belial in his various manifestations, showing you various aspects of his gnosis and teaching you lessons about the path. But only when you reach this stage in your work will you be truly ready to enter the Abyss and explore its mysteries.

# The Hidden Path of **Belial**

Through the masks of Belial  
The adept discovers a secret formula  
That empowers the soul through  
Fire of the backward path.



EDGAR KERVAL

*Grimoire Four*



*Through the desert of a thousand eyes  
Bathed in primigenian light  
Baptized through the infernal fire  
And emerging as the vessel of sulphur paths  
Copulations beyond the secret throne  
Hidden masks of shadows offered to me  
Primigenian calls to the night side realms  
In vacuity of senses I become one  
With the primordial essence of the horned masked god  
Through the veils of his infinite presence  
Under the masks of Belial*

# The Masks of Belial

The Initiator

*Chapter 23*



**K**KNOWN as the angel of hostility, Belial rises through the palace of black fire on the earth and descends to astral Qliphothic temples, opening a path full of primigenian gnosis, which transforms the soul of the adept into a vessel to be charged with the powerful elixirs of the venomous secret seed of Belial. This creates a transformation and illumination within the adept of black arts focusing on self-mastery on this existential plane, affecting respective processes within the astral realms.

The masks of Belial and the chants of infernal transformations initiate freedom in isolation from the influx of monotheistic religions. The masks of Belial include four primal paths, manifesting a potent formula of self-transformation, through the elder mysteries of diverse forms of sorcery and illumination, into the divine nature of man, by using the infernal fire to enlighten the adept's magickal process. The sorcerer is guided into deep states of consciousness, which opens to establish within the adept a secret route to the ancient path to Belial through an in-depth initiatory process of sorcery, transforming the mind into an incarnated magickal vessel for the libations of infernal wisdom and the powers of Belial. Devouring this mysterious essence and sacred nectars, the adept offers oneself to be consumed by the forgotten primal light and to become Belial himself in the process of awakening of the inner beast and the most raw and primitive instincts within man.

The masks of Belial are infernal scales and obscure representations of human consciousness, which the adept works with throughout various periods of time. Such masks are the mirrors of kaos, reflecting our deepest and the most primigenian instincts, and when opened, they can never be

closed again. The masks are the primal atavisms of the void, which the adept must use whenever it is necessary to transcend the nightside paths and travel beyond the astral realms.

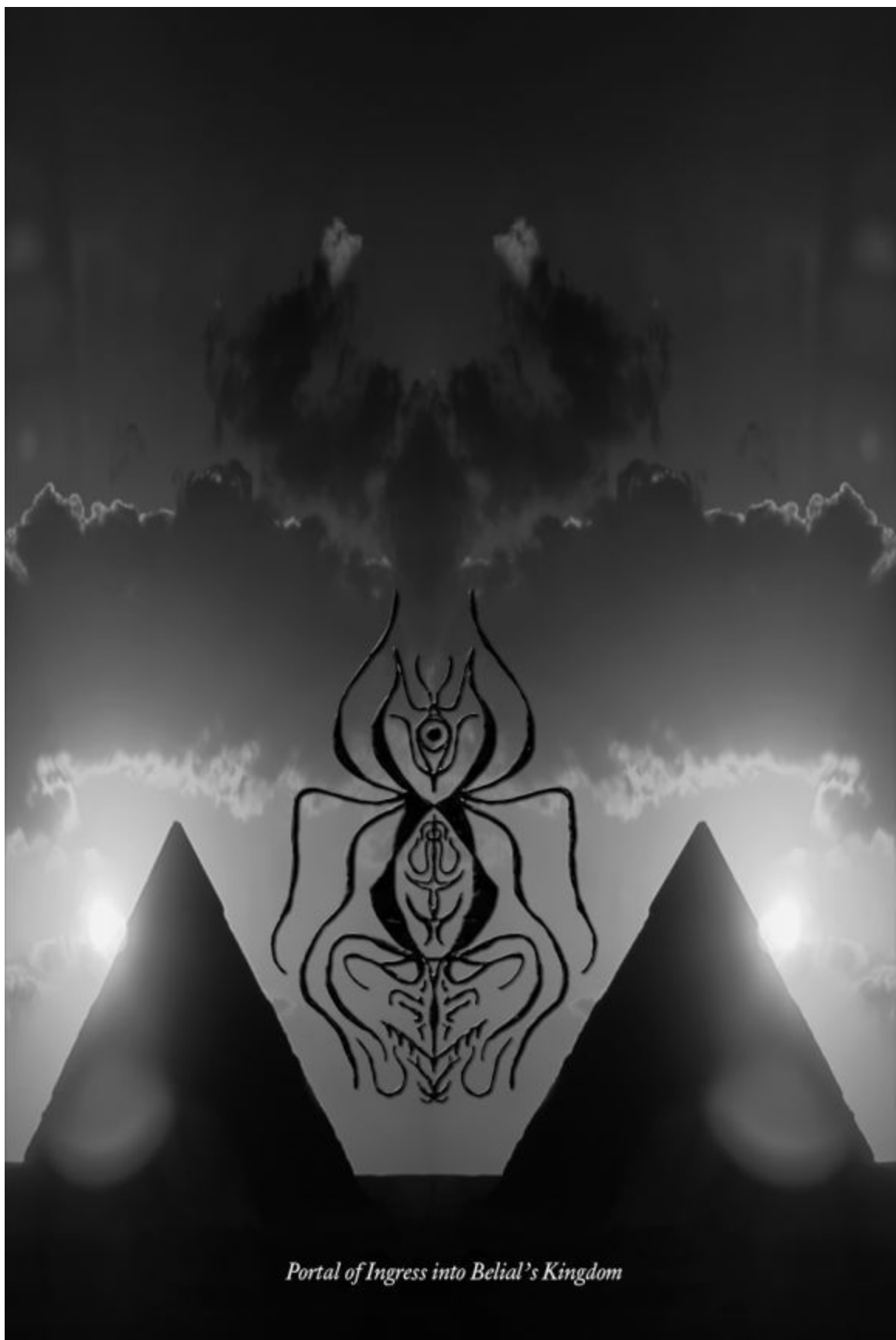
In the astral realms the adept can assume the masks of Belial to explore the unconscious regions while traveling through the coils of the black serpent and moving through diverse labyrinths and dismal corridors of Qliphotic tunnels. At the end of this path the adept transforms oneself into the black dragon through the second alchemical process, now having achieved the self-mastery allowing to transcend the diverse paths which lead to the throne of Thaumiel and to drink the ineffable light of its knowledge and wisdom. And with the knowledge achieved here, at the throne of Thaumiel, the adept is also able to transcend the desert of reason and madness in the form of a black dragon-serpent, offering oneself to be poisoned and devoured by the shadows of one's own reflections. Finally, the adept is reborn as Belial in his entire splendor, in the form of black fire burning strong and reaching the void itself through chaos, which is revealed as a primordial part of oneself.

This is the sacred fire of Belial, the lord of the depths and the keeper who guides the souls of the adepts through the realms of shadows. Here the adept learns how to unite one's soul with Belial through death and the void, beginning with the transformation of the soul into his god-form.

As the lord of the kings of Edom, Belial invites us to join them through his sacred path and connect with the powers of forbidden knowledge, opening the gates through which the soul of the adept becomes connected on a deep level with the void, entering it through specific rituals. Belial is the guardian of secret fire, manifesting in the flames within the temple through a formula allowing us to open gates to knowledge and self-deification. The wisdom of Belial is the greatest knowledge, power and magick, revealed to the soul descending under the desert of Set. The power of the flame of Belial is summoned through an in-depth ritual to open the stele of the eye of Belial. Each one of his masks is unveiled within his throne as a primigenian shadow which is a part the adept walking the path of the black flame and guided by Belial under the rays of the black sun in Amenta.



*Sigil of the Temple of Belial*



# **The Assumption of the Shadows of Belial**

## *Chapter 24*



**T**HROUGH the workings with the masks of Belial the adept discovers the secret formula of empowering the soul through the sacred fire of the backward path. By being devoured by the sacred essence of Belial, the adept becomes guided through one's own initiation, which opens the gates of the soul and the path of forbidden flames to the deepest regions of the city of pyramids below the desert of Set. This formula, allowing to open the gates to the path and the hidden knowledge of self-deification and the immortal soul and to become a primordial god, is the basis of the work with Belial.

Belial manifests when the adept goes backward into the labyrinths of his temple, under the night-side realms, and with his black flame illuminates the path to assumption of his shadow. This initiates the process of transmutation that guides the adept toward preparation of the soul, through eternal fire of wisdom and divinity, to become one with Belial.

The poisonous path of Belial offers the influx of his radioactive and poisonous nectars, which are injected into the soul of the adept, transforming it into a vessel for manifestations of the astral temples. There the adept is guided through madness and sexual ecstasy to the gateless gate, where one is confronted with one's own shadow to transcend it.



# **Atavistic Chants of Levitation**

Automatic Writing

*Chapter SIX*



*Through the shadows of the black dragon  
Walking through the paths of wisdom  
Burning through the infernal fire  
Opening the gate to hidden gnosis  
A call to the prince of the earth  
A call to raise the black dragon  
A masked scorpion of venomous elixirs  
A masked god hidden in the shadows  
Between the temples of lost wisdom it burns  
Under the sea of sand and blood, fire and ashes  
The path of illumination is shown to me  
And revealed are the secrets of your mysterious masks  
Oh scorpion god, devour me through your sacred essence*

# Deific Masks of Belial

## Chapter 26



**T**HE following ritual is an invitation to reach the essence of Belial in the shape of the black dragon-serpent. It serves as a powerful tool of initiation in the work with Belial. Its principal element is invocation of the spirit of Belial through one of his masks.

Prepare your ritual chamber in the proper way, yourself remaining naked, and burn some frankincense, or if you cannot get any in your country, prepare your own incense. Prepare one black candle and the sigil of Belial included here. You must paint the sigil on a piece of paper.

Light the black candle in front of you and raise your athame, facing the altar and the sigil and whispering the mantra:

*BELIAL AYI OPINT MARET*  
*BELIAL AYI OPINT MARET*  
*BELIAL AYI OPINT MARET*  
*BELIAL AYI OPINT MARET*

Chant it for a few minutes until you enter a trance necessary to continue the ritual.

Proceed then to meditating upon the essence of Belial in the form of the black dragon-serpent moving around you and feel how his essence is moving

through the chamber in a vaporous and shadowy way. After you receive the gnosis, continue the ritual.

Continue watching the flame of the black candle and see how it begins to form into a black shadow. At the same time, purple fog merges with the black shadow moving and dancing around the candle. Meditate deeply on how the flame is being transformed into the black dragon-serpent, whose red eyes show you the path to the night-side labyrinths. Remain relaxed, observing how the black scorpion-serpent coils around the candle and then encircles and enters your body, from the lowest chakra to the highest, embracing you with his primigenian cold body. You can have a sensation of extreme tranquility, and sometimes you can even feel nostalgic.

Continue visualizing this energy, and when you enflame yourself in this gnosis, begin to masturbate in a slow but rhythmic way, repeating the mantra:

*BELIAL AYI OPINT MARET*  
*BELIAL AYI OPINT MARET*  
*BELIAL AYI OPINT MARET*  
*BELIAL AYI OPINT MARET*

Continue until the point of orgasm. Then take some of the libations and anoint the sigil. Take the athame and cut your left finger. Put some drops of blood on the sigil and meditate for a few minutes, visualizing how the sigil begins to shine with black-purple light, and then burn the sigil in the flame of the black candle and recite the following invocation:

*To you, oh black dragon-serpent god*  
*Enlighten my soul beyond the astral realms,*  
*Grant me the keys to your infinite mysteries*  
*And embrace me with your primigenian essence.*  
*Baptize me with your sacred fire*  
*And teach me strange tongues now forgotten*  
*Take me beyond the void of your ineffable presence*  
*Oh king of shadows, mask and purify me in your infernal fire.*

Close with the mantra:

*BELIAL AYI OPINT MARET*  
*BELIAL AYI OPINT MARET*  
*BELIAL AYI OPINT MARET*  
*BELIAL AYI OPINT MARET*

And close the ritual chamber. Leave the black candle burning until it burns out completely.

# **Pylons of the Sacred Fire of Belial**

## *Chapter 27*



*Sigil of the Flame of Belial*

### **I**

Within the hidden seal of the unveiled masks of Belial, we open the night-side temples below the desert of Amenta, carrying the poisonous crown of the elder god within the mysterious flame of his sacred knowledge.

### **II**

Empowering the soul that burns in the tower beyond Thaumiel, under the triumphant throne in the depths of the void, summoned are the masks of Belial and the fires of the horned god of the desert, whose tongue is the scorpion eye, opening and offering the poisonous nectars of self-transformation.

### **III**

The pylons of primal fire open the backward path to the entrance of its manifestation, from the flesh to the soul, forged in the abysmal fire of the depths below.



*Mask of the Hidden God*



*The Gate, the Mouth & the Seal*

# Through the Tunnels of Belial

## Rite of Empowerment

### *Chapter 28*



**T**HIS work is a potent rite of empowerment through the use of inspired poetry and invocation veiled under the mask of Belial, king of forgotten wisdom, whose initiatory fire goes to the soul of the adept, guiding us on the sinister path through the way of sigils and mantras. The mantra provided in this ritual functions as a sonic sigil catalyzing the essence of Belial within the adept via the channels of perception. The invocation must be recited in a high tone, as a primigenian chant, capturing the essence of the darkest aspects of the crowned king.

Through this ritual the essence of Belial is made flesh within the body of the adept, and his hidden knowledge is made manifest within our entire being, affecting the spiritual and psychic development. Through this work the adept becomes one's own guide and keeper of the black flame that empowers the practice and self-deification in its purest form.

The formula revealed here is a path to understanding and exploration of the tunnels of Belial, his primal manifestations and methods of astral pathworking to descend to his temples and walk through the labyrinths reflecting his diverse masks.

The use of an obsidian mirror is very important here. It helps to open the astral temples to explore each one of the tunnels generated through the appropriate gnosis when working with Belial. For the ritual you will need a black candle, the sigil and the obsidian mirror.

Sit in front of the altar and light the black candle, placing the obsidian mirror behind the candle. Then meditate for some time until you enter a proper state and feel ready to penetrate the veils of the candle's flame and to open the obsidian temple. Focus on the flame of the candle and visualize an

eye opening within the flame and purple rays coming out of it, dense and vaporous, entering the sigil in front of the obsidian mirror. Visualize how the sigil burns and opens the gate to the temple through the obsidian mirror. Chant the mantra of Belial:

*BELIAL AYI OPINT MARET*  
*BELIAL AYI OPINT MARET*  
*BELIAL AYI OPINT MARET*  
*BELIAL AYI OPINT MARET*

And recite the invocation:

*Watcher of the obsidian gate I am, casting the everlasting circles of fire  
& air*  
*Within the secret flames of the obsidian labyrinths*  
*To explore the brilliant throne of the horned serpent-dragon god of the desert*  
*Opening the sulphuric black flame and the secret smoke of Belial*  
*Initiator of the path of wisdom, opener of the hidden eye*  
*God of the purple throne, hear my calls from the shadows of smokeless fire*  
*Whose winds emerge from the vessels of the void*  
*Bathing myself in poisonous nectars of hidden knowledge*  
*Through the desert sand of twilight gate*  
*Drinking the essence of spectral light,*  
*Guide, watcher, and guardian, secret keeper*  
*Arise from the seventh air, dancing around the smoke of divine flesh*  
*Clothe me with the fire of your breath in the waters of no return*  
*In the waters of ecstasy and apostasy*  
*Show me the path of crimson and purple liquid light,*  
*Carrying my spirit to your spectral temples, dragon serpent god of grey*  
*desert*  
*My offerings and chants are for you, mighty BELIAL.*

Continue gazing into the obsidian mirror and slowly enter the portal that is opening within it. Visualize a big gnarly tree, whose roots reveal steps to the primal tunnels. You will explore seven tunnels, each one presenting you with different ways of empowering yourself. Use diverse symbols and methods to explore each one of the tunnels, and proceed to work with each of them for seven days until you familiarize yourself with all the labyrinths and methods of work. If you have any other experiences or manifestations there, feel free to contact me. Here is some information about my experiences in each of the seven tunnels of Belial:



### **The First Tunnel**

This tunnel activates the influence and manifestation of the hidden knowledge of acausal planes. Its symbols and rituals help the adept to move through diverse gates and different planes.

### **The Second Tunnel**

This tunnel activates the hidden knowledge of the use of blood and secret talismans for construction of magickal weapons and fetishes.

### **The Third Tunnel**

This tunnel activates the shadow side of the adept and allows for exploration of the hidden knowledge of the realms of the dead and necromantic influences.

### **The Fourth Tunnel**

This tunnel activates the hidden knowledge of the nightside tree, its secret rituals, and symbols revealed to the adept for one's future explorations.

### **The Fifth Tunnel**

This tunnel activates the hidden knowledge through the construction and use of magickal tinctures, incenses, and poisons from diverse plants.

### **The Sixth Tunnel**

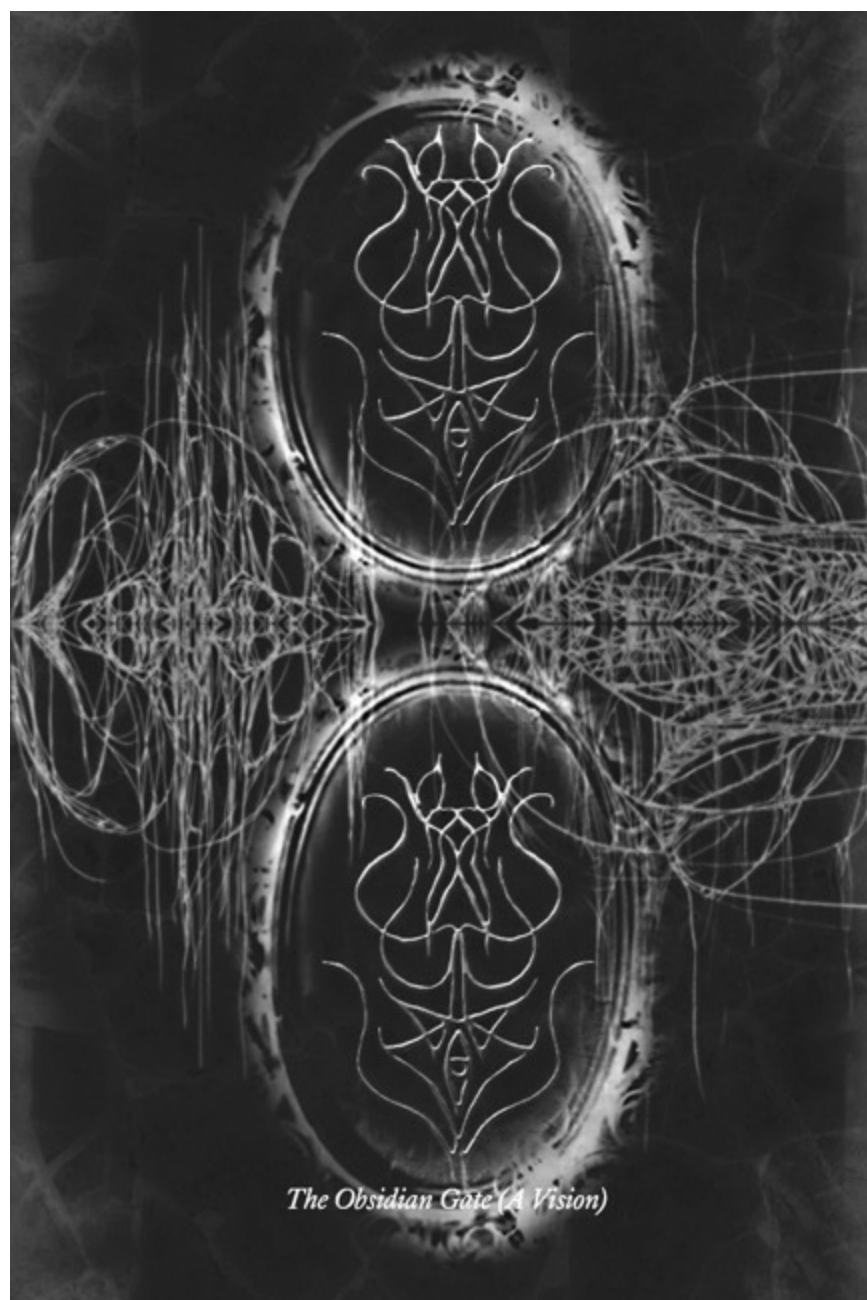
This tunnel activates the hidden knowledge of working with oracular tools, such as wood, bones and crystals.

### **The Seventh Tunnel**

This tunnel has been inaccessible to me so far, and I am working intensely to focus on it at the moment.



*Sigil of the Obsidian Gate*



*The Obsidian Gate (A Vision)*

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